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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 45

Lincoln Celebrations—Part I

COMPILED, ARRANGED AND WRITTEN BY

STANLEY SCHELL

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NEW YORK

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Lincoln's Day.

'Tis Lincoln's Day.
All nature clothed in purest white
  Pays homage to the spotless soul
That purged the land of slav'ry's blight
  And paid a nation's final toll.
Blazed bright in Fame's undying scroll
  His name must live for aye and aye
And lead the Martyr's Honor roll—

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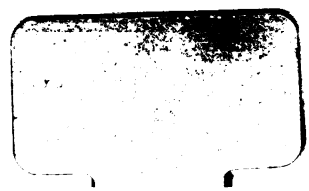

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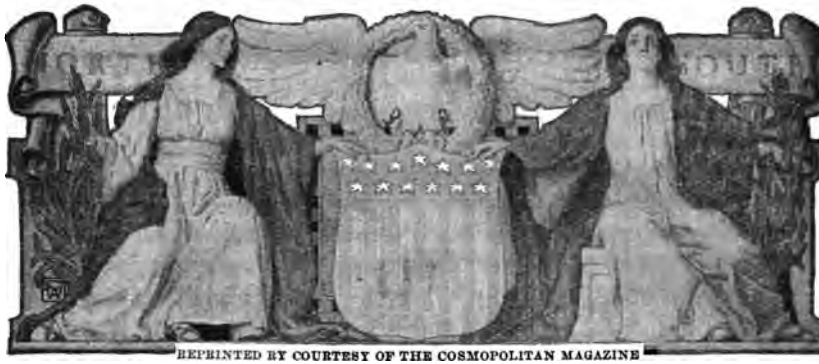

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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 45

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LINCOLN CELEBRATIONS—PART I

ABE LINCOLN.

MONOLOGUE FOR A MAN.

DENNIS HANKS.

[Dennis Hanks was a relative and boy-chum of Lincoln. Following monologue is from actual interview with Hanks.]

SCENE: Sitting-room interior. Old man seated in easy-chair near table.

CHARACTERS: Dennis Hanks, man of 89, speaker present. Lady Visitor, supposed to be present.

WANT to know what kind o' boy Abe Lincoln was? Well, I reckon I am the only one livin' that knowed him that arly. Knowed him the day he was born, an' lived with him most o' the time, till he was twenty-one an' left home fur good. "Abe," sez I, many a time, "if you die fust, folks'll have to come to me to

find out what kind o' boy you was." We used to laugh over that, fur it looked like he'd live longer'n me. I was ten years older'n Abe, an' he was as strong as a hoss. "Well, Denny," he'd say, "I don't want you to die fust, fur folks'll just nigh about pester me to death to larn what kind o' boy you was."

Tom an' Nancy lived on a farm about two miles from us, when Abe was born. I ricollect Tom comin' to our house one cold mornin' in Feb'uary an' sayin' kind o' slow, "Nancy's got a boy baby."

Mother got flustered an' hurried up 'er work to go over to look after the little feller, but I didn't have nothin' to wait fur, so I cut an' run the hull two mile to see my new cousin.

You bet I was tickled to death. Babies wasn't as common as blackberries in the woods o' Kentucky. Mother come over an' washed him an' put a yaller flannel petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. An' that's all the nuss'n either of 'em got.

I rolled up in a b'ar skin an' slep' by the fireplace that night, so's I could see the little feller when he cried, an' Tom had to git up an' 'tend to him. Nancy let me hold him purty soon. Folks often asked me if Abe was a good-lookin' baby. Well, now, he looked just like any other baby, at fust—like red cherry pulp squeezed dry. An' he didn't improve none as he growed older. Abe never was much fur looks. I ricollect how Tom joked about Abe's long legs when he was toddlin' 'round the cabin. He growed out o' his clothes faster'n Nancy could make 'em.

But he was mighty good comp'ny, solemn as a papoose, but interested in everything. An' he always did have fits o' cuttin' up. I've seen him when he was a little feller, settin' on a stool, starin' at a visitor. All of a sudden he'd bust out laughin' fit to kill. If he told us what he was laughin' at, half the time we couldn't see no joke.

Pore? We was all pore, them days, but the Lincolns was porer than anybody—choppin' trees an' grubbin' roots an' splittin' rails an' huntin' an' trappin'. Nancy was turrible ashamed o' the way

they lived, but she knowed Tom was doin' his best, an' she wasn't the pesterin' kind. She was purty as a pictur an' could read an' write.

It didn't seem no time till Abe was runnin' 'round in buckskin moccasins and breeches, a tow-line shirt an' coon-skin cap. We couldn't keep sheep fur the wolves, an' pore folks didn't have sca'cely any flax except what they could git tradin' skins. We et game an' fish an' wild berries an' hominy, an' kep' a cow. When it got so we could keep chickens, an' have salt pork an' corn dodgers an' gyarden sass an' molasses, an' have jeans pants an' cowhide boots to w'ar, we felt as if we was gittin' along in the world.

Most o' the time we went bar'foot. Moccasins wasn't no putection ag'inst the wet. Birch bark with hickory bark soles, strapped on over yarn socks, beat buckskins all holler, fur snow. Abe 'n' me got purty handy contrivin' things that way. An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crick, settin' traps fur rabbits an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts, follerin' up bees to find bee trees, an' drappin' corn fur his pappy.

When Abe was eight years old, an' I was eighteen, we all lit out fur Indiany. Kaintucky was gittin' stuck up, with some folks rich enough to own niggers, so it didn't seem no place fur pore folks any more. Nancy emptied the shucks out o' the tow-linen ticks, an' piled everything they had wuth takin' on the backs o' two pack-hosses. Abe toted a gun, an' kep' it so dry on the raft crossin' the Ohio, that he shot a turkey hen with it the first day we got to Indiany. We had to chop down trees to make a road to the place. We all lived in pole sheds fur a year—jist shacks o' poles, roofed over, but left open on one side; no floor, no fireplace. I don't see how the women folks lived through it.

'Bout the time we got our cabins up, Nancy died. Abe an' me helped Tom make the coffin. He tuk a log left over from makin' the cabin', an' I helped him saw it into planks an' plane 'em. Me'n Abe held the planks while Tom bored holes an' put 'em together with pegs; Abe'd whittled. There wasn't sca'cely any

nails in the kentry an' little iron, except in knives an' guns an' cookin'-pots. We laid Nancy close to the deer-run in the woods. Deer was the only wild critters the women wasn't afeered of. Abe was some'ers 'round nine year old, but he never got over the mizable way his mother died.

I reckon it was think'n' o' Nancy an' things she'd said to him that started Abe to studyin' that next winter. He could read and write; Nancy an' me'd larnt him that much, an' he'd gone to school a spell, but it was nine mile there an' back, an' a pore make-out fur a school, anyhow. Nancy kep' urgin' Abe. "Abe," she'd say, "you larn all you kin, an' be some account," an' she'd tell him stories about George Washington, an' say that Abe had jist as good Virginny blood in him as Washington.

Well, me'n' Abe spelled through Webster's spellin'-book twict. Then he tuk to writin' on the floor, the fence-rails an' the wooden fire-shovel, with a bit of charcoal. We got some wrappin'-paper an' I made ink out o' blackberry-briar root an' copperas. Got so I could cut pens out o' turkey-buzzard quills.

"Denny," Abe sez to me many a time, "look at that, will you? 'ABRAHAM LINCOLN!' That stands fur me. Don't look a blamed bit like me." An' he'd stand an' study it a spell. 'Peared to mean a heap to Abe.

I reckon Abe'd a' got discouraged about larnin' after awhile if it hadn't be'n fur his stepmother. We was all nigh about tickled to death when Tom brung a new wife home. She'd been Sairy Bush, an' Tom'd be'n in love with 'er before he met Nancy, but her folks wouldn't let Tom have 'er, because he was shif'less. So she married a man named Johnston, an' he died. Then her and Tom got married. She had three children of 'er own an' a four-hoss wagon load o' goods; feather pillers an' homespun blankets, an' patchwork quilts an' chists o' drawers, an' a flax-wheel, an' a soap-kettle, an' cookin'-pots, an' pewter dishes. Yes, Aunt Sairy was a woman o' property.

Aunt Sairy sartinly did have faculty. I reckon we was all purty ragged an' dirty when she got there. You jist naturally

had to be somebody when Aunt Sairy was around. Cracky, but Aunt Sairy was some punkins!

An' it wasn't only in things to make us comfortable an' well thought of. She didn't have no eddication herself, but she knowed what larnin' could do fur folks. She wasn't very long before she found out how Abe hankered books. She heerd him talkin' to me, I reckon. "Denny," he'd say, "the things I want to know is in books. My best friend is the man who'll git me one." Well, books wasn't as plenty as wild-cats, but I got him one by cuttin' cord-wood. It had a lot o' yarns in it. One I ricollect was about a feller that got near some darned fool rock that drawed all the nails out o' his boat an' he got a duckin'. Wasn't a blamed bit o' sense in that yarn.

Sindbad the Sailor, in the "Arabian Nights"? Hey? Well, I reckon. Abe'd lay on his stummick by the fire, an' read out loud to me an' Aunt Sairy, an' we'd laugh when he did. Tom'd come in an' say: "See here, Abe, your mother kain't work with you a-botherin' her like that," but Aunt Sairy always said it didn't bother her none, an' she'd tell Abe to go on.

"Abe," sez I, many a time, "them yarns is all lies." "Mighty darned good lies," he'd say, an' go on readin' an' chucklin' to hisself, till Tom'd kiver up the fire fur the night an' shoo him off to bed.

I reckon Abe read that book a dozen times an' knowed all the yarns by heart. He didn't have nothin' much else to read, excep' Aunt Sairy's Bible. He cut four cords of wood onct to git one stingy little book. It was a life o' Washington; an' 'he'd lay over the Statoots o' Indiany half the night. We'd git hold o' a newspaper onct in a while, an' Abe larned Henry Clay's speeches by heart. He liked the stories in the Bible, too, an' he got a little book o' fables some'ers. I asked him onct after he'd gone to lawin' an' could make a jury laugh or cry by firin' a yarn at 'em,—"Abe," sez I, "whar did you git so blamed many lies?" An' he'd always say, "Denny, when a story larns you a good lesson, it ain't no lie. God tells truth in parables. They're easier fur common folks to understand an' ricollect."

Seems to me now I never seen Abe after he was twelve 'at he didn't have a book in his hand or in his pocket. He'd put a book inside his shirt an' fill his pants' pockets with corn dodgers an' go off to plow or hoe. When noon come he'd set under a tree, an' read an' eat. An' when he'd come to the house at night, he'd tilt a chair back by the chimbley, put his feet on the rung, an' set on his back-bone an' read.

You bet he was too smart to think everything was in books. Sometimes, a preacher 'r a circuit-ridin' judge 'r lyyer 'r a stump-speakin' polytician 'r a school-teacher 'd come along. When one o' them rode up, Tom'd go out an' say, "Light, stranger," like it was polite to do. Then Abe'd come lopin' out on his long legs, throw one over the top rail, an' begin firin' questions. Tom'd tell him to quit, but it didn't do no good, so Tom'd have to bang him on the side o' the head with his hat. Abe'd go off a spell an' whistle like he didn't keer.

"Pap thinks it ain't polite to ask folks so many questions," he'd say. "I reckon I wasn't born to be polite. There's so darned many things I want to know. An' how else am I goin' to git to know em?"

Now, maybe you think 'at us folks livin' in the backwoods didn't know what was goin' on in the world. Well, you'd be mighty mistaken about that. We kep' track o' Congress fur one thing. There wasn't much to talk about but polytics, an' we thrashed over everything in argyments at the cross-roads' stores. The bigbugs down East wasn't runnin' everything. Polytics had sort o' follered us over the Gap trail, an' roosted in the clearin's. Thar was Henry Clay in Kaintucky an' Old Hick'ry in Tennessee at it tooth an' nail, an' we all tuk sides.

When Abe was growed up he was a turrible cut-up an' joker. Aunt Sairy was a good Baptist an' Tom an' the Johnston children had jined, so the Baptist preachers always stopped at the house. Onct Abe tried to git a preacher to 'count fur them miracles about Jonah an' the whale an' the others, an' got him so worked up that when Abe asked him who was the father o' Zebedee's children, blamed if he could tell.

Abe had a powerful good memory. He'd go to church an' come home an' say over the sermon as good as the preacher. He'd often do it fur Aunt Sairy, when she couldn't go, an' she said it was jist as good as goin' herself. He'd say over everything from "beloved brethern" to "amen," without crackin' a smile, pass a pewter plate fur a collection, an' then we'd all jine him in singin' the doxology.

Abe always had a extry pair o' jean pants an' a white shirt. When he was only thirteen, Aunt Sairy sez to him, "Abe, you git hold o' some muslin some'ers an' have some white shirts, so you kin go to folks' houses right." So he cut nine cords of wood an' got nine yards o' unbleached cotton, an' she bleached it an' shrunk it an' made him two shirts. He put one o' them on every Sunday.

It was to git money to buy books that Abe tuk them v'yages on the flat-boats. He went fur fifty cents a day, an' a bonus. It was big wages, but he never went but twict. Didn't take to tradin' nohow. He was too honest to make a livin' at it, an' folks tuk advantage of him. He was popylar, an' when he clerked the store, had plenty o' fellers comin' to it that liked to hear him talk, but most o' them thought he was plumb foolish when he got to tradin', so he quit that. Abe was a leader, too. He could break up rowdy crowds by tellin' a story that'd make 'em ashamed or make 'em laugh. He wouldn't take no sass, neither. If a feller was spilin' fur a fight an' nothin' else'd do him, Abe'd accomydate him all right. Ginerally, Abe could lay him out so he wouldn't know nothin' about it fur a spell. In rasslin' an' runnin' an' hoss-back ridin' an' log-rollin' an' rail-splittin' he could beat everybody. You'd thought there was two men in the woods when he got into it with an ax.

It was John Hanks 'at got res'less fust an' lit out fur Illinois, an' wrote fur us all to come, an' he'd git land fur us. Tom was always ready to move. So he sold off his corn an' hogs an' piled everything into ox-wagons an' we all went, Lincolns an' Hankses an' Johnstons, all hanging together. Tom was always lookin' fur the land of Canaan. It tuk us two weeks to git thar, raftin' over

the Wabash, cuttin' our way through the woods, fordin' rivers, pryin' wagons an' steers out o' sloughs with fence-rails, an' makin' camp. Abe cracked a joke every time he cracked a whip, an' he found a way out o' every tight place, while the rest o' us was standin' 'round scratchin' our fool heads.

It was a purty kentry up on the Sangamon. Abe helped put up a cabin fur Tom, clear fifteen acres fur corn an' split walnut rails to fence it in. Abe was some'ers 'round twenty-one. But we had fever an' ager turrible, so in a year or two we moved to Coles County, an' we've be'n here ever sence.

[*Old man's voice trails off into silence, falls asleep; awakens again, and whispers mysteriously*:]

Come here; if you won't tell anybody, I'll show you something. [*Pulls from inside pocket a heavy, old-fashioned coin-silver watch hanging to steel chain. Chasing on case worn almost smooth.*]

Abe gimme that after he went to Washington. I went down thar to see him, and thar he was with a big gold watch an' chain hangin' all over his vest, an' I commenced to plague him about bein' so fine, an' he sez, "Dennis, I bet you'd carry a watch if you had one. You needn't be so envious." Then he went an' bought this fur me an' wanted me to have a gold chain, but I wouldn't, so he got me this good steel chain, an' I've carried it ever sence. I've been offered five hundred dollars fur it, but no money can buy it. Thar ain't many people even gits to see it, I can tell you. [*Stows watch back carefully into hidden pocket.*]

The next spring after I went to Washington, Abe was shot. I heerd of it this way: I was settin' in my shop peggin' away at a shoe when a man come in an' said: "Dennis, Honest Abe is dead." "Dead, dead. Abe dead!" I kep' sayin' to myself. "My God, it ain't so!" I went out to see Aunt Sairy, where she lived all alone after Tom died, and said, "Aunt Sairy, Abe's dead!" "Yes, I know," sez she. "I've be'n waitin' fur it. I knowed they'd kill him." An' she never asked any questions. A body'd a' thought the 'arth stopped whirlin' for a few days, the way everybody went on. It was like a black cloud that kivered the sun.

You don't remember it? Them that does has got a thing to think of. Why, we stopped in the streets, strong men, an' cried. I don't believe the sun shone ag'in for weeks after he was laid away at Springfield. Thar wasn't any tradin' done, sca'cely. Every house had black on it. It was like the plague that took the first-born. To hit, to strike him after the war was over! "Dennis, Abe's dead." I've heerd that in the night, and in dreams in the daytime all these years, and I kain't believe it yit.

Some of the preachers say you won't know anybody in heaven, but I bet you'll know Abe Lincoln. He's thar! I may never git thar, but Abe Lincoln went right straight to heaven.

LINCOLN AS BOY AND MAN.

OUR Lincoln, when he was a boy,
Was very tall and slim.
You see I'm just a little tall;
I wonder if I look like him.

Our Lincoln, when he was a boy,
Was very brave and very true.
To-day I'm just a little brave;
In this I'm like our Lincoln, too.

Our Lincoln, when he was a man,
Was loved and honored everywhere.
I'll be the man that Lincoln was,
To do this I must now prepare.

A wild bear chase didst never see?
Thou hast then lived in vain—
The richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

HAND OF LINCOLN.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

LOOK on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mold.

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The axe—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet low! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This molded outline plays about,
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out.

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand appears:
A type that nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

LINCOLN.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

ON the battlements of fame
Raise a banner to his name.
Blazon it against the sky
Till the four winds, passing by,
Shall proclaim o'er all the earth
Slavery's death and freedom's birth;
And henceforth his name shall be
Champion of Liberty!

Raise a monumental fame
To the martyr hero slain;
Wide of base, like pyramid,
Where the dead past shall be hid.
Found it deep, and rear it high;
Point its apex to the sky
That the world henceforth may see
Lincoln's shrine to Liberty.

Like the mightiest of earth
Came he with no pride of birth—
Like Elijah came he here,
Unannounced by sage or seer;
And from lowliest abode
Came he, like the Son of God;
Chosen for a mighty deed
In a nation's direst need.

Yet it were but vain to trust
Graven stone or brazen bust.
Proudest monuments decay,
Crumble, rust and pass away.
But the oracles of time
Shall proclaim, in every clime:
Lincoln, martyr of the free,
Lived and died for Liberty.

Whenever any church shall inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership—the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both Law and Gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church I will join with all my heart, and all my soul.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

LINCOLN.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE Puritans are the patriarchs of liberty; they opened a new world on the earth; they opened a new path for the human conscience; they created a new society. Yet, when England tried to subdue them and they conquered, the republic triumphed and slavery remained. Washington could only emancipate his slaves. Franklin said that the Virginians could not invoke the name of God, retaining slavery. Jay said that all the prayers America sent up to heaven for the preservation of liberty while slavery continued, were mere blasphemies. Mason mourned over the payment his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the line where the black wave of slavery should be stayed.

Nevertheless, slavery increased continually. I beg that you will pause a moment to consider the man who cleansed this terrible stain which obscured the stars of the American banner. I beg that you will pause a moment, for his immortal name has been invoked for the perpetuation of slavery. Ah! the past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand, because as evil disappears so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to heaven; a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi; later, a woodman, with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great

hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the Presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slave-holders uttered their war cry and the slaves their groans of despair—the wood-cutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two millions of men, gathers a half million of horses, sends his artillery 1,200 miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated 3,000,000 slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the very moment of victory—like Jesus, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God His benediction!

You may burn my body to ashes, and scatter them to the winds of heaven; you may drag my soul down to the regions of darkness and despair, to be tormented forever; but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by doing so I may accomplish that which I believe to be right.—*Abraham Lincoln, in 1836 or 1837, while member of Illinois Legislature, on being urged to vote for a measure he did not approve of, in order to secure votes for moving the Capital from Vandalia to Springfield, which measure he advocated.*

LINCOLN.

JAMES G. CLARK.

WITH life unsullied from his youth,
He meekly took the ruler's rod,
And wielding it in love and truth
He lived the noble work of God.
He knew no fierce unbalanced zeal,
That spurns all human differings,
Nor craven fear, that shuns the steel,
That carves the way to better things.

And in the night of blood and grief,
When horror rested on the ark,
His was the calm, undimmed belief
That felt God's presence in the dark;
Full well he knew each wandering star
That once had decked the azure dome
Would tremble through the clouds of War,
And, like a prodigal, come home.

He perished ere the angel Peace
Had rolled War's curtain from the sky,
But he shall live when wrong shall cease—
The good and great can never die;
For though his heart lie cold and still
We feel it beating warm and grand,
And still his spirit's pulses thrill
Through all the councils of the land.

The flag of strife at length is furled,
Rebellion drops the gory knife;
The spring of peace glides up the world,
Its buds are bursting into life.

The scales of the flesh had fallen then
From his closed, sad eyes, in a sweet release;
And he saw at the head of the marching men
The beautiful Angel of Peace!

As forward they marched, the blue and the gray,
Tipping salute to their dauntless chief,
The shadows rolled from his brow away
And banished was all his grief.

Soul-united, they onward marched,
Brothers indeed, by freedom's grace,
And over the land the rainbow arched,
A token to all the race!

Ah, never was vision more heavenly fair
To raptured saint in his utmost bliss,
As the drawn lips muttered in burning prayer:
"I thank you, my God, for this!"

* * * *

The clock struck one—with a start he rose;
While out of his face went the vision's gleam,
He cried from the depths of his great heart's woes:
"A dream? Is it all a dream?"

Ah, no, it was more, far more, brave soul,
A prophecy sure of things to be,
When the music of Union should surge and roll
Unbroken from sea to sea;

When right should rule, whatever the cost,
And each man's gain be the common good,
When the petty spoil would be merged and lost
In the passion of nationhood!

And out of the stateliest dwellings of light,
From the depths of the deathless stars above,
Your voice speaks down through the vaults of night:
"The triumph of life is love!"

ANN RUTLEDGE AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ELEANOR ATKINSON.

IN the spring of 1835 Abraham Lincoln made a memorable journey. Only one historian has noted it, but the tender memory of Ann Rutledge, the girl who awaited him at the end of it, must have remained with him to the day of his martyrdom. He was returning from his first term in the State Legislature, to the backwoods village that had been his home for four years. The last twenty miles of the journey he made on horse. A tall, ungainly youth of twenty-six was this rising backwoods politician. He wore a suit of blue jeans, trousers stuffed in the tops of cowhide boots; hat of rabbit-fur felt, with so long a nap that it looked not unlike the original pelt, was pushed back from his heavy black hair. His wardrobe was in his saddle-bags; his library of law books, most of them borrowed, in a portmanteau on his saddle-bow; a hundred dollars or so of his pay as a legislator in his belt.

Four years before he had first seen Ann Rutledge. She was in the crowd that had come to cheer him when he got the flatboat he was taking to New Orleans safely over New Salem dam. Ann was eighteen then, and she stood out from the villagers gathered on the bank by fineness of beauty and bearing. Her crown of hair was so pale a gold as to be almost flaxen. Hero of the day, the raw youth was taken up the bluff and over the ridge into the town of twenty log-houses and shops. He was feasted in the tavern of hewn logs owned by her father, James Rutledge, and for an hour entertained a crowd with droll stories—stories that, unknown to him, would be repeated before nightfall over a radius of twenty miles. He was beginning to discover that men liked to hear him talk.

When he pushed his boat off Ann waved her kerchief. He looked back at her outlined against the green bluff, to fix it in a memory none too well furnished with such gracious pictures. In July he returned to New Salem as clerk in a store.

Lincoln met Ann often at the "spell-downs" with which the school closed the Friday afternoon sessions. When he returned from an Indian campaign the next year he went to the Rutledge tavern to board. He had risen rapidly in public esteem, had captained a local company in the war, made a vigorous campaign for the Legislature, and betrayed a wide and curious knowledge of books and public questions.

He and Ann were fast friends now, and for the next year and a half he saw her daily. At mealtimes she waited on the long tables. The regular boarders at the tavern were Ann's lover, John McNeill (who soon deserted her), Lincoln and others. The mother was at her wheel, the little girls had their knitting or patchwork, the boys their lessons. The young men played checkers or talked politics. The beautiful girl sat in the firelight, knitting lace or sewing; her skilful fingers never idle, but smiling, listening to the talk, making a bright comment now and then, wearing, in her busiest hour, an air of leisure, with all the time in the world for others, as a lady should. Lincoln attended the fire, held Mrs. Rutledge's yarn, rocked the cradle and told his inimitable stories. When he had mastered Kirkham's Grammar he began to teach Ann the mysteries of parsing and analysis. And so they sat in the peaceful evening light, looking out across the river with the singing name, that purls and ripples over its gravelly bars, and sings the story of their love forever.

Lincoln's old ties of affection were Ann's now, dear and familiar; and also his old griefs. She shared that tragic mystery of his childhood, his mother's early death. And, like all the other women who ever belonged to him, she divined his greatness—had a glimpse of the path of glory already broadening from his feet.

They spent long afternoons studying, and Lincoln made rapid progress. Ann studied fitfully, often looking off absently across field and river, starting from deep reverie when he spoke to her. When with him, talking with him, a subtle excitement burned in her eye and pulsed in her cheek; when he was gone the inner fire of her spirit seemed to turn to ashes. She clung desperately, vis-

ibly, to her new love—so infinitely more precious and satisfying than the old.

People remembered afterward how fragile Ann looked. She had spells of wild gayety, her laughter bubbling up like water from a spring, and she grew lovelier day by day. And there were times, when Lincoln was away, that she sat pale and listless and brooding for hours. At last, worn out with mental and moral wrestlings, she turned to her father for help. Her heart must have beat in slow, suffocating throbs when she crept to her father's arms and confessed her fears:

What if McNeill, the false lover, should come back?

She no longer loved him. She had never understood his behavior. Like a flower she had been blighted by the frost of his desertion, and had revived to brief, pale life in a new sun, but the blight had struck to the root. Lincoln was sent for, but he was not found at once, for his employments kept him roving far afield. And so she slipped away into the delirium of brain fever.

Lincoln had one anguished hour with her in a brief return to consciousness. What was said between them is unrecorded. Lincoln stumbled out of that death-chamber like a soul gone blind and groping. Two days later Ann Rutledge died.

After the funeral Lincoln was found wandering in the woods along the river, muttering to himself. His mind was darkened, stunned by the blow. He sat for hours in brooding melancholy. He would be found with one arm across her grave, reading his pocket Testament. This was the only book he opened for many months.

All that long autumn he noticed nothing. He was entirely docile, pitifully like a child who waits to be told what to do. Not until the first storm of December was there any change. It was a night of wind and darkness and snow. Lincoln was restless and uneasy in his shadowy corner. His eyes burned with excitement. He went to the door at last, threw it open and looked out into the wild night. Turning back suddenly, his hands clenched above his head, he cried out in utter desolation:

"I cannot bear to think of her out there alone, in the cold and darkness and storm."

The ice of his frozen heart was unlocked at last and his reason saved. But there were months of bitter grief and despair that wore him out physically. His fits of melancholy returned, a confirmed trait that he never lost. In time he went back to his old occupations, bearing himself simply, doing his duty as a man and a citizen. His intellect was keener, his humor kindlier; to his sympathy was added the element of compassion. And on his face, in his eyes and on his mouth, was fixed the expression that marks him as our man of sorrows, deep and irremediable.

Until he went away to Springfield a few years later to practice law he disappeared at times. Every one knew that he was with Ann, sitting for hours by the grassy mound that covered her.

He said: "My heart is buried in the grave with that dear girl."

In 1840 New Salem was abandoned. The year after Ann Rutledge died Lincoln surveyed and planned the city of Petersburg, two miles farther north. Most of the people of New Salem moved their houses and shops over to the new town. The dam was washed out by floods, the mill burned. To-day, the bluff on which the town stood has gone back to the wild, and the site is known as Old Salem on the Hill.

LINCOLN.

W. J. LAMPTON.

WHEN Lincoln died, hate died—
The widow's and the orphans' loss
Touched every heart and brought us all
Close to the common cross.
The charity that blesses us,
And takes away our pride
And anger, came to North and South
When Lincoln died.

OUR MARTYRED HERO, LINCOLN.

MARIETTA HOOVER DUNN.

THEY say that God no longer talks with men;
And when some man to fame attains, quite free
From college lore or school's traditions, be
He grand and pure as saint of old, 'tis then
They cry self-made as tho' beyond their ken.
How mind attuned to Divinity,
Interprets well the mighty symbols He
Doth hourly trace on life with powerful pen.
Then not self-made, but God-wrought let us say
Of these great souls, whose very printed deeds
Illume our hearts by hint of God-like sway
That thrills and lifts us far above earth's needs
And dragging cares. The modern prophets they
Decrying each his age's Baalist creeds.

Our martyred hero Lincoln was of these;
For who can think that his serene, clean soul
Of only worldly wisdom sought a toll—
Caught but ambition's message from the breeze
That whispered thro' the gloomy forest trees?
Who doubts while cleaving clean the mighty bole,
He fought with self and wrong till o'er him stole
A quickened sense which his great work foresees.
And having struggled up to heights where God
Affords to stoop to men, henceforth no more
He strove, but like a child obeyed and trod
The higher, rocky way, heartsick, footsore,
Afar from shade or flower-sprinkled sod,
With prescience dim of martyrdom in store.

Broken eggs cannot be mended.—*Abraham Lincoln, written in 1862.*

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

[From "The Clansman."]

[All four parts, or any one part, of this recitation may be given. Also one person may give all four parts, or four persons may each give a part.]

I.—VICTORY'S JOY SILENCED BY THE ASSASSIN'S BULLET.

WASHINGTON was in a ferment. Vast crowds thronged the streets. Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, at every turn, in squads, in companies, in regimental crowds, shouting cries of victory. The display of lights was dazzling. Every building in the city was lighted from attic to cellar. Public buildings and churches vied with each other in the magnificence of their decorations and splendor of illuminations. The Capitol loomed a grand constellation in the heavens! Every window in its labyrinths of marble, from the massive base to its crowning statue of Freedom, gleamed and flashed with light—more than ten thousand jets poured their rays through its windows, besides the innumerable lights that circled the mighty dome within and without.

Hotels and stores had hung every window, awning, cornice and swaying tree-top with lanterns. The grand avenue was bridged by tri-colored balloons floating and shimmering ghost-like far up in the dark sky. Above these, in the blacker zone toward the stars, the heavens were flashing sheets of chameleon flames from bursting rockets.

Bands were playing. Wild war strains, floating skyward, seemed part of the changing scheme of light. Odor of burnt powder and smouldering rockets filled the warm spring air. The deep bay of great fort guns echoed from every hill-top commanding the city, while a thousand smaller guns barked and growled from every square and park and crossing.

Every telegraph and newspaper office was a roaring whirlpool of excitement. The whole city was now a fairy dream, its dirt

and sin, shame and crime, all wrapped in glorious light. But above all other impressions was the contagion of the thunder shouts of hosts of men surging through the streets—the human roar with its animal and spiritual magnetism, wild, resistless, unlike any other force in the universe! Before Ford's Theater was a mass of throbbing humanity, and, over all, the hum of the thrilling wonder of peace and victory!

Women in magnificent costumes, officers in uniforms flashing with gold, show of wealth and power, perfume of flowers and music of violin and flutes. The theater's interior was a billow of red, white, and blue. The President's box was wrapped in two enormous silk flags with gold-fringed edges gracefully draped and hanging in festoons. Every eye was fixed on the door through which the President and Mrs. Lincoln would enter. It was the hour of his supreme triumph.

What a romance his life! The thought of it thrilled the crowd as they waited. A few years ago this tall, sad-faced man had floated down the Sangamon River into a rough Illinois town, ragged, penniless, friendless, alone, begging for work. Four years before, he had entered Washington as President of the United States—but he came under cover of the night with a handful of personal friends, amid universal contempt for his ability and the loud-expressed conviction of his failure from within and without his party. He faced a divided nation and the most awful civil convulsion in history. Through it all he had led the nation in safety, growing each day in power and fame, until to-night, amid the victorious shouts of millions of a Union fixed in eternal granite, he stood forth the idol of the people, the first great American, the foremost man of the world.

A stir at the door, and the tall figure suddenly loomed in view. With one impulse the crowd leaped to their feet, and shout after shout shook the building. The orchestra was playing "Hail to the Chief!" but nobody heard it. They *saw* the Chief! They were crying their own welcome in music that came from the rhythmic beat of human hearts.

As the President walked along the aisle with Mrs. Lincoln, cheer after cheer burst from the crowd. He turned, his face beaming with pleasure, and bowed as he passed.

The answer of the crowd shook the building to its foundations, and the President paused. His dark face flashed with emotion as he looked over the sea of cheering humanity. It was a moment of supreme exaltation. The people had grown to know and love and trust him, and it was sweet. His face, lit with the responsive fires of emotion, was transfigured. The soul seemed to separate itself from its dreamy, rugged dwelling-place and flash its inspiration from the spirit world. As around this man's personality had gathered the agony and horror of war, so now about his head glowed and gleamed in imagination the splendors of victory.

The President's party had now entered the box, and as Mr. Lincoln took the arm-chair nearest the audience, in full view of every eye in the house, again the cheers rent the air. The music was drowned as in the roar of the sea. Again he rose and bowed and smiled, his face radiant with pleasure. The soul beneath those deep-cut lines had long pined for the sunlight. His love of the theater and the humorous story were the protest of his heart against pain and tragedy. He stood there bowing to the people, the grandest, gentlest figure of the fiercest war of human history—a man who was always doing merciful things. Little sunlight had come into his life, yet to-night he felt that the sun of a new day in his history and the history of the people was already tingeing the horizon with glory.

Back of those smiles what a story! Many a night he had paced back and forth in the telegraph office of the War Department, read its awful news of defeat, and alone sat down and cried over the list of the dead. Many a black hour his soul had seen when the honors of earth were forgotten and his great heart throbbed on his sleeve. His character had grown so evenly and silently with the burdens he had borne, working mighty deeds, he could not know, nor could the crowd to whom he bowed know, how deep into the core of the people's life the love of him had grown.

As he looked again over the surging crowd, his tall figure seemed to straighten, erect and buoyant, with the new dignity of conscious triumphant leadership. He knew that he had come into his own at last, and his brain was teeming with dreams of mercy and healing.

The President resumed his seat, the tumult died away, and the play began.

The play ran its smooth course until John Wilkes Booth, the actor, was seen approaching the President's box along the balcony.

Booth paused near the entrance to the box and looked deliberately over the great crowd, his magnetic face flushed with deep emotion. His fiery, inspiring eyes glittered with excitement. Dressed in black broadcloth of faultless fit, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, he was physically without blemish. A figure of perfect symmetry and proportion, his dark eyes flashing, his marble forehead crowned with curling black hair, agility and grace stamped on every line of his being—beyond a doubt he was the handsomest man in America.

* * * * *

The muffled crack of a pistol in the President's box hushed the laughter for an instant.

No one realized what had happened, and when the assassin suddenly leaped from the box, with a blood-marked knife flashing in his right hand, caught his foot in the flags and fell to his knees on the stage, many thought it a part of the program, and a boy, leaning over the gallery rail, giggled. Booth turned his face of statuesque beauty lit by eyes flashing with insane desperation and cried, "Sic semper tyrannis."

A sudden, piercing scream from Mrs. Lincoln, quivering, soul-harrowing! Leaning far out of the box, from ashen cheeks and lips leaped the piteous cry of appeal, her hand pointing to the retreating figure:

"The President is shot! He has killed the President!"

II.—Bursting of the Storm.

Every heart stood still for one awful moment. The brain refused to record the message—and then the storm burst!

A wild roar of helpless fury and despair! Men hurled themselves over the footlights in vain pursuit of the assassin. Already the clatter of his horse's feet could be heard in the distance. A surgeon threw himself against the door of the box, but it had been barred within by the cunning hand. Women began to faint, and strong men trampled down the weak in mad rushes from side to side.

The stage in a moment was a seething mass of crazed men, among them the actors and actresses in costumes and painted faces, their mortal terror shining through the rouge. They passed water up to the box, and some tried to climb up and enter it.

The two hundred soldiers of the President's guard suddenly burst in, and, amid screams and groans of the weak and injured, stormed the house with fixed bayonets, cursing, yelling, and shouting at the top of their voices:

"Clear out! Clear out! You sons of hell!"

Within the box, the great head lay in the surgeon's arms, the blood slowly dripping down, and the tiny death bubbles forming on the kindly lips. They carried him tenderly out, and another group bore after him the unconscious wife. The people tore the seats from their fastenings and heaped them in piles to make way for the precious burdens. Through the open door came the roar of the mob without, shouting its cries:

"The President is shot!"

"Seward is murdered!"

"Where is Grant?"

"Where is Stanton?"

"To arms! To arms!"

The peal of signal guns could now be heard, the roll of drums and the hurried tramp of soldiers' feet. They marched none too soon. The mob had attacked the stockade holding ten thousand unarmed Confederate prisoners.

If the temper of the people during the war had been convulsive, now it was insane—with one mad impulse and one thought—vengeance! Horror, anger, terror, uncertainty, each passion fanned the one animal instinct into fury.

Through this awful night, with the lights still gleaming as if to mock the celebration of victory, the crowds swayed in impotent rage through the streets, while the telegraph bore on the wings of lightning the awe-inspiring news. Men caught it from the wires, and stood in silent groups weeping, and their wrath against the fallen South began to rise as the moaning of the sea under a coming storm.

At dawn, black clouds hung threatening on the eastern horizon. As the sun rose, tingeing them for a moment with scarlet and purple glory, Abraham Lincoln breathed his last.

Stanton, the iron-hearted, stood by his bedside and through blinding tears exclaimed:

"Now he belongs to the ages!"

III.—The Nation's Grief and Rage.

A few moments after the President died on Saturday morning, the rain began to pour in torrents. Flags that flew from a thousand gilt-tipped peaks in celebration of victory drooped to half-mast and hung weeping around their staffs. Litter of burnt fireworks, limp and crumbling, strewed the streets, and the tri-colored lanterns and balloons, hanging pathetically from their wires, began to fall to pieces.

Never in all the history of man had such a conjunction of events befallen a nation. From the heights of heaven's rejoicing to be suddenly hurled to the depths of hell in piteous, helpless grief! Noon to midnight without a moment between! A pall of voiceless horror spread its shadows over the land. Nothing short of an earthquake or the sound of the archangel's trumpet could have produced the sense of helpless consternation, the black and speechless despair. People read their papers in tears. The morning meal was untouched. By no other single feat could Death

have carried such peculiar horror to every home. Around this giant figure, the heart-strings of the people had been unconsciously knit. Even his political enemies had come to love him.

Above all, in just this moment he was the incarnation of the Triumphant Union on the altar of whose life every house had laid the offering of its first-born. The tragedy was stupefying—it was unthinkable—it was the mockery of Fate!

Men walked the streets dazed with blind grief. Every note of music and rejoicing became a dirge. All business ceased. Every wheel in every mill stopped. The roar of the great city was hushed, and Greed for a moment forgot his cunning. The army only moved with swifter spring, tightening its mighty grip on the throat of the bleeding, prostrate South.

As the day wore on its gloomy hours, and men began to find speech, they spoke to each other at first in low tones of Fate, of Life, of Death, of Immortality, of God—and then as grief found words the measureless rage of baffled strength grew slowly to madness. On every breeze from the North came deep-muttered curses.

Easter Sunday dawned after the storm, clear and beautiful in a flood of glorious sunshine. Churches were thronged as never in their history. All had been decorated for the double celebration of Easter and the triumph of the Union. Preachers had prepared sermons pitched in the highest anthem key of victory—victory over Death and the grave of Calvary, and victory for the nation opening a future of boundless glory. The churches were labyrinths of flowers, and around every pulpit and from every arch hung the red, white and blue flags of the Republic.

And now, as if to mock this gorgeous pageant, Death had in the night flung a black mantle over every flag and wound a strangling web of crape round every Easter flower.

When the preachers faced the silent crowds before them, looking into the faces of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and lovers whose dear ones had been slain in battle or died in prison-pens, the tide of grief and rage rose and swept them from their feet!

The Easter sermon was laid aside. Fifty thousand Christian ministers, stunned and crazed by insane passion, standing before the altars of God, hurled into the broken hearts before them the wildest cries of vengeance—cries incoherent, chaotic, unreasoning, blind in their awful fury!

IV.—The Funeral Procession.

The funeral procession started westward. It passed in grandeur through the great cities on its journey of one thousand six hundred miles to the tomb. By day, by night, by dawn, by sunlight, by twilight, and lit by solemn torches, millions of silent men and women looked on his dead face. Around the person of this tall, lonely man, rugged, yet full of somber dignity and spiritual beauty, the thoughts, hopes, dreams, and ideals of the people had gathered in four years of agony and death, until they had come to feel their own hearts beat in his breast and their own life throb in his life. The assassin's bullet had crashed into their own brains, and torn their souls and bodies asunder.

The masses were swept from their moorings, and reason destroyed. All historic perspective was lost. Our first assassination, there was no precedent for comparison. It had been over two hundred years in the world's history since the last murder of a great ruler, when William of Orange fell.

On the day set for the public funeral, twenty million people bowed at the same hour.

When the procession reached New York, the streets were lined with a million people. Not a sound could be heard save the tramp of soldiers' feet and the muffled cry of the dirge. On every foot of earth stood a human being, the silence of the desert and of Death! The nation's living heroes rode in that procession, and passed without a sign from the people.

Four years ago he drove down Broadway as President-elect, unnoticed and with soldiers in disguise attending him lest the mob should stone him.

To-day, at the mention of his name in the churches, the preach-

ers' voices in prayer wavered and broke into silence, while strong men among the crowd burst into sobs. Flags flew at half-mast from their steeples, and their bells tolled in grief. Every house that flew but yesterday its banner of victory was shrouded in mourning. The flags and pennants of a thousand ships in the harbor drooped at half-mast, and from every staff in the city streamed across the sky the black mists of crape like strange meteors in the troubled heavens. For three days every theater, school, court, bank, shop, and mill was closed.

The procession passed to Springfield through miles of bowed heads dumb with grief. The plough stopped in the furrow, the smith dropped his hammer, the carpenter his plane, the merchant closed his door, the clink of coin ceased, and over all hung brooding silence with low-muttered curses, fierce and incoherent.

No man who walked the earth ever passed to his tomb through such a storm of human tears.

LINCOLN'S BURIAL.

JAMES THOMPSON MCKAY.

AND so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
In all the years since that wild Spring of pain?
'Tis false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops Pyramid,
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

NEWS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

S. H. M. Byers.

ALL the night the President sat,
Waiting the telegraph's click, click, click;
Waiting the news that should tell him that
Grant had crossed at the little creek;
Waiting to hear that before the light
Sherman's troops were beyond the bridge;
That over the river, from left to right,
All was ready to charge the Ridge.

Chickamauga was lost; our dead
Lay in heaps on the sodden plain;
What if the rebel, with lifted head,
Strike, as he struck, to our hearts again!
Over the North, as a pall of night,
Sorrow hung, and the summons came:
"Win a victory—win us a fight;
Wipe away from our flag the shame."

All the night, in his room alone,
All the night till the dawn was by,
And over the broad Potomac shone
Red the sun in the eastern sky—
Watched the President, grave and sad:
Came no tick on the mystic line;
What if the daring rebel had
Tapped the wire and read the sign—

Sign of battle, or sign of gloom?
Hark! the lightning's messenger!
No! Silence only is in the room—
Silence only, and breath of prayer.

Listen! Yes, 'tis the tick, tick, tick—
"Clear the lines" are the first words sent,
"Up to Washington, men, be quick!
Grant will talk with the President."

Click, click, click, went the instrument:
"Sherman's army has crossed the stream,"—
Nearer the table the grave face leant,
Lips half parted and eyes agleam—
"Hooker's soldiers but yesterday
Stormed up Lookout in mist and rain;
They are holding the dangerous way.
They will fight at our right again.

"On the left is our storming line,
Sherman's legions are bending on."
Click, click, click: "On the Ridge there shine
Rows of cannon since early dawn—
Rows of cannon and men in gray,
Shining columns of burnished steel:
They are holding our men at bay,
They are waiting the cannon's peal.

"Look! our soldiers have climbed the Ridge;
Sherman's gallants have stormed the line,
Forty cannon are at the bridge—
Brave these soldiers of his and mine!"
Click, click, click: "The center moves,
Thomas, Sheridan, all abreast,
Bayonets fixed—in troops and droves
Charging clear to the mountain's crest.

"Battle's thunder from left to right,
Belching cannon, and musket's crash."
Click, click, click: "Lo! on every height
Flames of sulphur and lightnings flash."

Closer still to the breathing wire
Bends the face of the President—
Does he hear it, the battle's fire,
Half-way over a continent?

Does he hear it, the bugle's call,
Sounding "Forward!" the whole long line?
Sees he blue-coat and gray-coat fall?
Hears he cannon and splintering pine?
Click, click, click: "And a thousand men
Climb the works on the highest hill—
Wait! they are driving us back again!
No! our banner is waving still!

"See! we're storming the whole long line,
Waiting never a leader's cry;
Over the rocks and splintering pine—
We will capture the Ridge or die!
Hand to hand on the very crest"—
Click, click, click—"with the naked steel;
Only a moment, and, east to west,
Flags are falling and columns reel.

"Shouts and cheers on the Ridge are heard—
Shouts and cheers till the skies are rent;
Back to the river, they've got the word—
Won is the battle, our President!"
Quick as thought, and the answer flies—
"Bless our soldiers! God bless each one!"
And up to the loyal Northern skies
Hymns ascend for the battle won.

Kind, good President—brave, strong men,
Sounds of battle you'll hear no more—
Calls of bugle to charge again,
Crash of muskets or cannon's roar.

But, while Mountain and Ridge shall stand,
They are one with your deathless fame;
Men shall tell to a rescued land
How the news to the White House came.

OUR PILOT.

Voice.

WHO guided our noble ship of State
Through crimson seas of strife?
Who saved it from the rocks of fate,
And waves that sought its life?

Who stood so nobly at the helm
Through voyage four years long?
When dangers threatened to o'erwhelm,
Who kept his courage strong?

And when our gallant ship of State
Into safe harbor sailed,
What name in all the land was great,
With joyous honors hailed?

All.

We know the name. We know it well.
With gratitude our hearts now swell,
As Abraham Lincoln's name we tell.

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out all wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

LINCOLN.

H. C. DEMING.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S work was finished when, unheralded and almost unattended, leading his little son by the hand, he walked into the streets of humiliated Richmond.

If, on that auspicious morn, the crowning benediction had descended on him, he might well have wished to die. What more could he ask for on earth? Assailed by the strongest conspiracy that ever threatened a nation's life, his triumph over it was complete and overwhelming, conquering liberty for a class and national existence for a people. Was not this honor enough for one man?

He had survived ridicule; he had outlived detraction and abuse; he had secured the commendation of the world for purity of purpose, constancy in disaster, clemency in triumph, and the praise even of his armed foes for gentleness and mercy. In times more troubled he had administered government with more ability than Carnot, and war with more success than Napoleon the Third. He had paled the glory of Hastings in preserving an empire, and had earned comparison with Hampden for self-command and rectitude of intention, while as an emancipator of a race he stood alone without a rival and without a parallel.

If fame had approached him with the laurels of a conqueror, if power had offered him a scepter, and ambition a crown, he would have scorned them all. He asked from men, he asked from God, but one culminating boon—peace, peace on the bloody waters and the blighted shore.

Alas! Such a consummation was denied. There are mysterious conferences of guilt-laden men; a conspiracy is formed, and on the night of the fourteenth of April, 1865, its purpose is accomplished. The nation stands aghast; the crime of the Dark Ages has entered our history; the soul of Abraham Lincoln is transferred from earth to heaven.

Crime always fails in its purpose; assassination is everlastingly

a blunder. Cæsar is assassinated; and imperial sway emerges a full-armed despotism from his tomb. William the Silent is assassinated; but the republic of the Netherlands breaks the double fetters of superstition and tyranny, and expands into a great and flourishing commonwealth. Lincoln is assassinated; but he lives to-day in his imperishable example, in his recorded words of wisdom, in his great maxims of liberty and enfranchisement.

The good never die; to them belongs a double immortality; they perish not on earth, and they exist forever in heaven. The great primeval law-giver, entombed for forty centuries in that unknown grave in an obscure vale of Moab, to-day legislates in your halls of state. Against the Philip of to-day, the dead Demosthenes thunders; the dead Leonidas guards the gates of every empire which wrestles for its sovereignty; the dead Napoleon still sways France from that silent tomb in the Invalides; and the dead Abraham Lincoln will beckon the wavering battle line of liberty till the last generation of man.

LINCOLN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Extract from a sermon delivered in 1865, after Lincoln's death.]

HE who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in the party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. Men will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in van-

quishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. Men will admire and imitate his unmoved firmness, his inflexible conscience for the right; yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort Thy people of old, to Thy care we commit the helpless, the long wronged, and grieved!

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of the coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor!

It seems as if the question whether my first name is "Abraham" or "Abram" will never be settled. It is "Abraham."—*Abraham Lincoln, written in 1860.*

LINCOLN'S LAST DREAM.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

APRIL flowers were in the hollows; in the air were April bells,
And the wings of purple swallows rested on the battle-shells;
From the war's long scene of horror now the nation found release;
All the day the old war bugles blew the blessed notes of peace.
'Thwart the twilight's damask curtains
Fell the night upon the land,
Like God's smile of benediction
Shadowed faintly by His hand.
In the twilight, in the dusk-light, in the starlight everywhere,
Banners waved like gardened flowers in the palpitating air.
In Art's temple there were greetings, gentle hurrying of feet,
And triumphant strains of music rose amid the numbers sweet.
Soldiers gathered, heroes gathered, women beautiful were there.
Will he come, the land's Beloved, there to rest an hour from care?
Will he come who for the people
Long the cross of pain has borne—
Prayed in silence, wept in silence,
Held the hand of God alone?
Will he share the hour of triumph, now his mighty work is done?
Here receive the people's plaudits, now the victory is won?

O'er thy dimpled waves, Potomac, softly now the moonbeams creep;
O'er far Arlington's green meadows, where the brave forever sleep.
'Tis Good Friday; bells are tolling, bells of chapels beat the air
On thy quiet shores, Potomac; Arlington, serene and fair.
And he comes, the nation's hero,
From the White House, worn with care,
Hears the name of "Lincoln!" ringing
In the thronged streets everywhere;

Hears the bells—what memories bringing to his long uplifted heart!
Hears the plaudits of the people as he gains the Hall of Art.

Throbs the air with thrilling music, gaily onward sweeps the play;
But he little heeds the laughter, for his thoughts are far away;
And he whispers faintly, sadly: "Oft a Blessed Form I see,
Walking calmly 'mid the people on the shores of Galilee.
Oft I've wished His steps to follow,
Gently listen, wife of mine!
When the cares of State are over,
I will go to Palestine.
And the paths the Blessed followed I will walk from sea to sea,
Follow Him who healed the people on the shores of Galilee."

Hung the flag triumphant o'er him, and his eyes with tears were dim,
Though a thousand eyes before him lifted oft their smiles to him.
Forms of statesmen, forms of heroes, women beautiful were there,
But it was another vision that had calmed his brow of care.
Tabor glowed in light before him,
Carmel in the evening sun;
Faith's strong armies grandly marching
Through the vale of Esdralon;
Bethany's palm-shaded gardens, where the Lord the sisters met,
And the Paschal moon arising o'er the brow of Olivet.

Now the breath of light applauses rose the templed arches through,
Stirred the folds of silken banners, mingled red and white and blue;
But the Dreamer seemed to heed not; rose the past his eye before:
Armies guarding the Potomac, flashing through the Shenandoah;
Gathering armies, darkening navies,
Heroes marching forth to die;
Chickamauga, Chattanooga,
And the Battle of the Sky;
Silent prayers to free the bondmen in the ordeal of fire,
And God's angel's sword uplifted to fulfil his heart's desire.

Thought he of the streets of Richmond on the late triumphant day,
When the swords of vanquished leaders at his feet surrendered lay,
When amid the sweet bells ringing all the sable multitudes
Shouted forth the name of "Lincoln!" like a rushing of the floods;
Thought of all his heart had suffered,
All his struggles and renown,—
Dreaming not that just above him
Lifted was the martyr's crown;
Seeing not the dark form stealing through the music-haunted air;
Knowing not that 'mid the triumph the betrayer's feet were there.

April morning; flags are blowing. 'Thwart each flag a sable bar.
Dead, the leader of the people; dead, the world's great commoner.
Bells on the Potomac tolling; tolling by the Sangamon;
Tolling from the broad Atlantic to the Ocean of the sun.
Friend and foe clasp hands in silence,
Listen to the low prayers said,
Hear the people's benedictions,
Hear the nations praise the dead.
Lovely land of Palestina! he thy shores will never see,
But, his dream fulfilled, he follows Him who walked in Galilee.

LINCOLN'S DEPARTURE FROM SPRINGFIELD AS TOLD BY BILLY BROWN.

IDA TARBELL.

I CAN see him now just how he looked, standin' there on the end of his car. He'd been shakin' hands with the crowd in the depot, laughin' an' talkin', just like himself, but when he got onto that car he seemed suddint to be all changed. You never seen a face so sad in all the world.

I tell you he had woe in his heart that minute—woe. He knew he was leavin' us for good; nuthin' else could explain the way

he looked an' what he said. He knew he never was comin' back alive.

It was rainin' hard, but when we saw him standin' there in bare head, his great big eyes lookin' at us so lovin' an' mournful, every man of us took off his hat, just as if he'd been in church.

You never heard him make a speech, of course? You missed a lot. Curious voice. You could hear it away off—kind of shrill, but went right to your heart—an' that night it sounded sadder than anything I ever heard.

You know I always hear it to this day, nights when the wind howls around the house.

He stood a minute lookin' at us an' then began to talk. There ain't a man in this town that heard him that ever forgot what he said, but I don't believe there's a man that ever said it over out loud—he couldn't without cryin'. He just talked to us that time out of his heart.

Somehow we felt all of a suddint how we loved him an' how he loved us. We hadn't taken any stock in all that talk about his bein' killed, but when he said he was goin' away not knowin' where or whether ever he would return I just got cold all over.

"Ever see him again?" Yes, oncet down in Washington, summer of '64. I had a brother in Washington, clerk in a department—awful set up 'cause he had an office an' when I got down there I told him I'd come to visit Mr. Lincoln.

He says: "William, be you a fool? Folks don't visit the President of the United States without an invitation, an' he's too busy to see anybody but the very biggest people. Why, he don't even see me?" he says.

"Isaac," I says, "I don't wonder Mr. Lincoln don't see you. But it's different with me. Him and me is friends."

That night I footed it up to the Soldiers' Home, where Mr. Lincoln was livin' then, right among the sick soldiers in their tents.

There was lots of people settin' around waitin' fer him, but there wasn't anybody there I knowed, and I was feelin' a little funny when a door opened an' out came little John Nicolay. He

came from down this way, so I just went up an' says:

"How'd you do, John; where's Mr. Lincoln?" Well, John didn't seem over glad to see me.

"Have you an appointment with Mr. Lincoln?" he says.

"No, sir," I says; "I ain't, an' it ain't necessary. Mebbe it's all right an' fittin' for them as wants post-offices to have app'intments, but I reckon Mr. Lincoln's old friends don't need 'em, so you jist tell him Billy Brown's here an' see what he says."

Well, he kind o' flushed up an' set his lips together, but he went off. In about two minutes the door popped open an' out came Mr. Lincoln, his face all lit up. He laid holt of me an' just shook my hands fit to kill.

"Billy," he says, "I am glad to see you. Come right in. You're goin' to stay to supper with Mary an' me."

Didn't I know it? Think bein' president would change him?—not a mite.

Well, we had supper an' then talked some more, an' about 10 o'clock I started down town. Wanted me to stay all night, but I says to myself, "Billy, don't you overdo it. You've cheered him up, an' you better light out." So I said:

"Nope, Mr. Lincoln, can't. Goin' back to Springfield to-morrow. Ma don't like to have me away an' my boy ain't no great shakes keepin' store."

"Billy," he says, "what did you come down here for?"

"Come to see you, Mr. Lincoln."

"But you ain't asked me for anything, Billy. What is it? Out with it. Want a post-office?" he said, gigglin', for he knowed I didn't.

"No, Mr. Lincoln, jest wanted to see *you*—felt kinder lonesome—been so long since I'd seen you, an' I was afraid I'd forgit some of them yarns if I didn't unload soon."

Well, sir, you ought to seen his face as he looked at me.

"Billy Brown," he says, slow like, "do you mean to tell me you came all the way from Springfield, Illinois, just to have a visit with me, that you don't want an office for anybody, nor a

pardon for anybody, that you ain't got no complaint in your pockets or any advice up your sleeve?"

"Yes, sir," I says, "that's about it."

Well, sir, he just grabbed my hand and shook it nearly off, an' the tears just poured down his face.

CROWN WITH EVERGREENS FAIR.

[May be given by several children carrying wreaths of evergreens. On stage is portrait or bust of Lincoln. At "I would crown with evergreens," each child places wreath on portrait or bust.]

O LINCOLN! great, and wise, and good,
Our gratitude to thee is due;
A man beloved and understood,
So just, so loyal, and so true!

Struggling, striving, pushing onward,
Ever doing what seemed best;
Guarding, guiding, planning union,
Peace, and love, and rest.

So now our Lincoln I would crown
With evergreens so fair;
And may his name forever live
Our love for him declare.

[*All (with school) repeat*]

And ever anew our hearts shall love
His glorious deeds, his life, his name;
And ever anew our voices sing
In loyal praise our hero's fame.

Don't forget the old maxim that "one drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE PARDON.

'TWAS in the war-time's early days,
When eyes looked forth with anxious gaze,
A young lad had been doomed to die,
And would'st thou know the reason why?

He had been placed as sentinel,
And at his post asleep he fell,
And for that closing of his eyes,
Before him dreamless slumber lies.

The President read the sentence through,
And murmured: "The act I cannot do.
Brought up on a farm, at work late kept.
Poor boy! No wonder that he slept."

And o'er the paper he drew his pen,
And signed his pardon there and then.
Great-hearted man! Shall I unfold
What later on the sequel told?

At Fredericksburg, among the slain,
A lad beyond all mortal pain,
Was lying by himself apart,
A picture next his youthful heart.

'Twas Lincoln's picture that he wore,
And just beneath these words it bore—
"God bless Abraham Lincoln." Thus he showed
The debt of love to him he owed.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for the day.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN.

GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK.

[From oration at dedication of monument over grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln.]

AND now a great throng is here who have come to testify of their affection for her, and who have singled out this one woman for this unusual honor. Well might her simple spirit, if recalled to this scene, bid us leave her slumber unbroken and her ashes again to the urn of oblivion. Well may all inquire why, after many years, this stately concourse? Why the recall of these aged companions? Why this muster of these heroic veterans? Why these honored women? Why should the great state itself turn back through the loftiest century of time to stand in the persons of its governor and officials in splendid ceremony about a wilderness grave? And with solemn voice we answer: "That justice may be done; that wrong may be righted; that truth eternal as the reign of God may be established. We come, O woman and mother, here to build our memorial to thee. Thine earthly garments were damp with the dews of the wilderness; thy feet were torn by the thorns of thy pathway; thine eyes dimmed by the tears of thy travail; but in thine arms thou didst bear, and at thy bosom thou didst nourish the babe of thy sacrifices, the child of thy toil, him the master of his time, the beloved of centuries to be, the servant of justice and the liberator of the oppressed! And so, for thine own sake and for thy child's, we are here to do this fitting honor."

I have often wondered whether this pair, Thomas and Nancy, fled from the fate of slavery, with conscious knowledge of its baleful power, or whether their flight was simply from conditions not understood, but not the less intolerable. But be that as it may, "He arose and took the young child and his mother and departed hither." Here in Indiana they rested; here she gave that child, in the simple cabin now gone to ruin, his first lessons; here in his father's presence she sowed the seed of truth and

justice afterward to mature a mighty harvest. Here she stood and pointed upward, little comprehending, if at all, the future that awaited. We cannot say she did not see anything of that future. What mother that bends above an American babe was ever wholly blind to the possibilities? Duller, indeed, than any mother must she have been not to have known that her cabin-born child was not equal in advantages with the child of the plantation; less than a mother, had she not rebelled at the distinction and sought to obviate it, but in any event here she came, and, having placed his feet on freedom's soil, she yielded her blameless life back to the grave.

And this is all her story—a short and simple annal of the poor. But the years passed on, the nation was in the throes of a great war for its prolonged existence; at its head was the child of this woman, and over against him the child of the plantation. The struggle was to decide, as the chieftain himself said, whether a nation dedicated to liberty could live, or whether a government of the people, for the people and by the people should perish from the earth. Was that leader equal to the task? Could he save a nation for righteousness and liberty? Whence was his training, and who had laid the moral foundations on which he should stand in this awful struggle? We see that son bowed by the weight of cares such as rarely have fallen upon human shoulders. He wielded the power and enjoyed the affection of a great people. Armies moved at his command and navies obeyed his orders. Disasters recurring filled the earth with loudest clamors against him. Calumny belied him and hate spied upon his every act; but ever louder and louder sounded the bugles of advancing victory, and in the midst of this vast strife, from the stress of public trials and the pain of personal woes, we hear the worn and weary President, matchless orator, great civic leader, emancipator, patriot —he whose lips spoke rebellion down and liberty to the stars— we hear him declare, "All that I am or may be I owe to my sainted mother." High testimony this and most exalted witness.

And at last the great war drew to its triumphal close. Its

mightiest actor, too, approached his end. Behold him surrounded by his friends and advisers; he is telling of all that he hopes for the land of his love. On him so speaking falls the melancholy which he has inherited from his mother, and he tells of the dream which, often occurring, has always been a harbinger of some great grave event. Before victory or before disaster had that dream come to him, "A shadowy ship bears me rapidly toward a shadowy shore."

I sometimes fancy that on the dark barge of the President's dream there waited for him, standing 'midst the dense throng of his dead guards and statesmen who had sailed before, and who had returned to meet him, this woman, this wilderness queen, this tallest and stateliest of them all, this woman whom to-day we honor. Well, it may have been; the world beyond has its own mysteries; so to the living they will forever continue, and so we leave them—one here in Indiana, two in Illinois; in the grasp and bond of the Union their lives preserved we leave them—son and father and mother in equal honor and in eternal peace.

TO THE SPIRIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

[Reunion at Gettysburg, twenty-five years after the battle.]

SHADE of our greatest, O look down to-day!
Hear the long, dread mid-summer battle roar,
And brother in brother plunged the accurséd sword;—
Here foe meets foe once more in proud array
Yet not as once to harry and to slay,
But to strike hands, and with sublime accord
Weep tears heroic for the souls that soared
Quick from earth's carnage to the starry way.
Each fought for what he deemed the people's good,
And proved his bravery by his offered life,
And sealed his honor with his out-poured blood;
But the Eternal did direct the strife,
And on this sacred field one patriot host,
Now calls thee father,—dear, majestic ghost!

O LINCOLN.

Ross L. Finney.

O LINCOLN! Sent of God, Columbia crowns
Thy brow with laurel wreaths; fair Liberty
Engraves thy name in living light upon
The page of history; while love doth find
Thee lodgment in the hearts of all mankind.

Thou pilot brave! Whose steadfast form stood firm,
Whose hand did guide our Ship of State across
The stormy sea of war, while thunders rolled,
And livid lightnings flashed athwart the sky,
Though treacherous maelstroms howled with fiercer rage
Than Scylla's dogs; thou, with thine eye fixed on
Some light that glimmered on the shore, didst keep
Our constant course across the angry deep.

And thus we learn to love thy careworn smile,
To trust thy wisdom's oracle, to feel
Thy faith prophetic on our fear distill,
And own the might of thy magnetic will.

At length a calm came o'er the awful sea,
The gale subsided, and the clouds rolled back,
The haven broke upon our raptured view.
But lo! the furious demons of the sea
And of the storm, concentered all in one
Infernal genius even in our midst—
The murderous traitor beacons Death, and points
His finger at thy faithful breast! O hour
Of horror! moment of supreme despair!

Thy smile by pallid lids was veiled, thy soul
Had fled, thy dauntless heart had ceased to beat,
Thy mighty form lay fallen at our feet.

The nation wept. Both friend and foe did pour
Their tears sincerely forth to water thy
Beloved memory; and for thy grave
The solemn world their fragrant honors gave.

Let ages roll, let seers and sages be
Forgotten; let their granite monuments
All crumble into dust, and forests grow
Upon the hilltops where they stand; e'en let
The continents subside and billows roll
Above its sacred battlefields, while on
The emptied bed of ocean let there rise
And flourish nations new: let roll the tides
Of ceaseless change upon the shores of the
Eternal plan; let dawn that distant, far
Off day toward which the marching centuries move,
When each to every man shall brother be,
When perfect justice, liberty, and right
Shall rule indeed; yet even then shalt thou,
Immortal Lincoln! be revered by all
Who gratefully review the bloody way
O'er which the common man hath slowly trod,
From slavery, up the eternal hills of God.

I have just told the folks in Springfield [Illinois] on this anniversary of the birth of him whose name, mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in the cause of moral reformation, we mention in solemn awe, in naked, deathless splendor, that the one victory we can ever call complete will be that one which proclaims that there is not one slave or one drunkard on the face of God's green earth.—*Abraham Lincoln, February 22, 1842.*

SHEPHERD OF THE PEOPLE.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

SO LET him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from his Western home and told us what, by the help of God, he meant to do, so let him pause on his way back to his Western grave and tell us, with a silence more eloquent than words, how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God, he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob and his people, and Israel his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this—"He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."

"The Shepherd of the People!" that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls over all the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his soul. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable; how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed all his people from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread

before us the love and the fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most; and of his faithful service of a higher Master, who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last; for at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord, who had sent him, called him, and his work was done.

LINCOLN.

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

[Speech while Governor of New York State at the 22nd Annual Lincoln Dinner of the New York Republican Club.]

WE see in Lincoln patience, the reasoning faculty, humanity, the democratic sentiment, patient consideration, all combined, and we may well learn from him the lesson which at every hour of our history we should well study. There may be those who look with uncertainty upon our future, who feel oppressed with the problems of the day. I am not one of them.

"Why," said Lincoln, "should we not have patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the American people?"

Why not, indeed? Who are the American people? They are the most intelligent people organized into any civil society on the face of this broad earth. They have abundant opportunities for education. They are keen and alert. They are those whom you meet in every walk of life. Their common sense is of general recognition among all the people of the world. Why not have patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the American people?

If we could only feel as Lincoln felt and proceed as Lincoln did, with remorseless logic, to the consideration of the demands of every exigency, there can be no question but what each problem will be solved, and that every decade of American history will

witness a further advance, and that the prosperity of the future will far transcend anything that we have realized in the past.

The American people will advance step by step, surely and inevitably, to a realization of their ideals, and nothing whatever will stand in the way in the course of time of that equality of opportunity and of equal rights before the law which the Declaration of Independence announced, and which the Constitution was intended to conserve. I believe most thoroughly in the judgment of the American people.

Every man in this country worthy of his citizenship intends to have the fullest advantage and opportunity for the exercise of his individual power, with recognition of the equal right of every other man to the exercise of his individual power, so that all may be prosperous and all may succeed, and all that we need is to put a stop to those things which are inimical to our common advantage, and insist upon our common rights and reason together in regard to what is fair and what is just, and accomplish things with full ascertainment of the facts because they are right and because the people in their deliberate judgment demand that they should be accomplished.

We are all fortunate that we had a Lincoln. What would the country be if we were all a lot of sordid money-grabbers, with nothing to point to but the particular sharpness of A, or the special success in some petty manipulation of B? What a grand thing it is that we have the inheritance of the memory of a man who had everything that we could aspire to in intellectual attainments, who was endowed with a strength of moral purpose, who was perfectly sincere in the interest of the people, and who gave his life-work and eventually his life itself in order that our Union with its opportunities might survive.

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms, by no means excluding females.—*Abraham Lincoln, written in 1836.*

THE MAN WE MOURN TO-DAY.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

NO Cæsar he whom we lament
A Man without a precedent,
Sent, it would seem, to do
His work, and perish, too.

Not by the weary cares of State,
The endless tasks, which will not wait,
Which, often done, in vain,
Must yet be done again:

Not in the dark, wild tide of war,
Which rose so high and rolled so far,
Sweeping from sea to sea
In awful anarchy:

But he, the man we mourn to-day,
No tyrant was: so mild a sway
In one such weight who bore
Was never known before.

Cool should he be, of balanced powers,
The ruler of a race like ours,
Impatient, headstrong, wild,
The Man to guide the Child.

And this HE was, who most unfit
(So hard the sense of God to hit),
Did seem to fill his place;
With such a homely face,

Such rustic manners, speech uncouth,
(That somehow blundered out the truth),
Untried, untrained to bear
The more than kingly care.

Ah! And his genius put to scorn
The proudest in the purple born,
Whose wisdom never grew
To what, untaught, he knew,

The People, of whom he was one:
No gentleman, like Washington,
(Whose bones, methinks, make room,
To have him in their tomb!)

A laboring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands,
Who shrank from nothing new,
But did as poor men do.

One of the People! Born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love.

O honest face, which all men knew!
O tender heart, but known to few!
O wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic rage!

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For hark, the mournful, muffled drum,
The trumpet's wail afar,
And see, the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom and bells toll slow.
And go, thou sacred car,
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain.
The just, the wise, the brave,
Attend thee to the grave.

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
  Salute him once again,
  Your late commander—slain !

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose.
  Beneath no mighty dome,
  But in his modest home;

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
  There shall his grave be made,
  And there his bones be laid.

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
  And strangers far and near,
  For many and many a year.

For many and many an age,
While History on her ample page
  The virtues shall enroll
  Of that Paternal Soul.

The difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties on the leading issues of the contest is that the former consider slavery a moral, social and political wrong, while the latter do not consider it either a moral, a social or a political wrong. Every measure of the Democratic party of late years has corresponded with this notion of utter indifference whether slavery or freedom shall outrun in the race of empire across to the Pacific. The Republican party, on the contrary, hold that this government was instituted to secure the blessings of freedom, and that slavery is an unqualified evil to the negro, to the white man, to the soil, and to the State.—*Abraham Lincoln, September 18, 1858.*

WHEN LINCOLN DIED.

J. A. EDGERTON.

WHEN Lincoln died, a universal grief
Went round the earth. Men loved him in that hour.
The North her leader lost; the South her friend;
The nation lost its savior; and the slave
Lost his deliverer; the most of all,
Oh, there was sorrow 'mid the humble poor,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a great soul passed from earth.
In him were strength and gentleness so mixed
That each upheld the other. He was firm
And yet was kind; as tender as a child,
And yet as iron-willed as Hercules.
His power was almost limitless, and yet
His mercy was boundless as his power.
And he was jovial, laughter loving still,
His heart was ever torn with suffering.
There was divine compassion in the man;
A God-like love and pity for his race,
The world saw the full measure of that love
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died a type was lost to men.
The earth has had her conquerors and kings,
And many of the common great. Through all
She only had one Lincoln. There are none
Like him in all the annals of the past.
He was the growth of our new soil; a child
Of our new time; he was an American;
Was of the people, from the lowest rank;

And yet he scaled with ease the highest height.
Mankind one of its few immortals lost,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, it seemed a providence;
For he appeared as one sent for a work,
Whom, when that work was done, God summoned home.
He led a splendid fight for Liberty;
And when the shackles fell, the land was saved,
He laid his armor by and sought his rest,
A glory sent from heaven covered him
When Lincoln died.

TO LINCOLN'S BUST IN BRONZE.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he;
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day,—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the elevation of men, I am opposed to whatever tends to degrade them.—*Abraham Lincoln, written in 1859.*

THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

"FIT us for humblest service," prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God's eternal plan:
Content, by prairie, wood and stream,
The common lot to share,
Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear—
Then trustfully resigned the life
That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana's grave
This many a year who lies—
Mother and wife whose yearning soul
Looked sadly from her eyes—
Who, dying, called her children close
As the last shadow fell,
And bade them ever worship God
And love each other well—
Then to her forest grave was borne,
The wind her funeral knell!

So drear—so lone—who could have dreamed
The boy her bed beside,
Forth from that cabin-door would walk
Among earth's glorified?
But, lo! his name from sea to sea
Gives patriotism wings;
Upon his brow a crown is set
Grander than any king's;
And to these fameless graves his fame
Tender remembrance brings.

Ah! still the humble God doth choose
The mighty to confound:
Still them that fear and follow him
His angel campeth round;
And while by Indiana's woods
Ohio, murmuring, flows,
And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows—
While Lincoln's name is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.

STATESMAN, RULER, HERO, MARTYR.

SUSIE M. BEST.

'MID the names that fate has written
On the deathless scroll of fame,
We behold the name of Lincoln
Shining like a living flame.
'Mid the deeds the world remembers,
(Deeds by dauntless heroes done,)
We behold the deeds of Lincoln,
Blazing like a brilliant sun.
'Mid the lives whose light illumines
History's dark and dreadful page,
We behold the life of Lincoln,
Lighting up an awful age.
When the storm of peril threatened
His loved land to overwhelm,
Safe the ship of State he guided,
With his hand upon the helm.
Statesman, ruler, hero, martyr—
Fitting names for him, I say,
Wherefore, let us all as brothers,
Love his memory to-day.

DEFENSE OF TOM GRAYSON.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

[From "The Graysons".]

THERE was a painful pause after the judge had taken his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. It was like a wait before a funeral service, but rendered ten times more distressing by suspense. The judge's quill-pen could be heard scratching on the paper as he noted points for his charge to the jury. The law had the aspect of a relentless boa-constrictor, slowly winding itself about Tom. The deadly creature had now to make but one more coil, and then, in its cruel and deliberate fashion, it would proceed to tighten its twists until the poor boy should be done to death.

Why had Lincoln not done anything to help Tom? Any other lawyer with a desperate case would have had a stack of law-books in front of him, as a sort of dam against the flood. But Lincoln had neither law-books nor so much as a scrap of paper.

The prosecuting attorney reserved his chief witness to the last. He would add one more stone to the pyramid of proof before he capped it all with certainty. Lincoln waived cross-examination. The prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case; he had come to his last witness and his great stroke. "Call David Sovine," he said.

Dave appeared embarrassed. He had deteriorated in appearance lately. His patent-leather shoes were bright as ever, his trousers were trimly held down by straps, his hair was well kept in place with oil, but there was a nervousness in his expression that gave him the air of a man who had been drinking to excess.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the prosecutor.

"Yes, well enough," but Dave did not look toward Tom.

"You've played cards with him, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Tell his Honor and the jury when and where you played with him."

"We played one night last July, in the store."

"Who proposed to Tom to play with you?"

"George Lockwood. He hollered up the stove-pipe for Tom to come down an' take a game or two with me."

"What did you win that night from Tom?"

"Thirteen dollars, an' his hat, an' his coat, an' his boots, an' his han'he'chi'f, an' his knife."

"Who, if anybody, lent him the money to get back his things which you had won?"

"George Lockwood."

Here the counsel paused, laid down a memorandum, and looked about until he found another: then he resumed his questions.

"Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the 9th of August."

"Yes; I was."

"What did you see there? Tell about the shooting."

Dave related his parting from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty that Tom would not shoot him, and Tom's shooting. In making these statements Dave looked at the stairway in the corner of the court-room with an air of entire indifference, as though the case were rather a dull affair to him.

"How far away from Lockwood were you when the shooting took place?"

"Twenty foot or more."

"What did Tom shoot with?"

"A pistol."

"What kind of a pistol?"

"One of the ole-fashioned sort—flint-lock, weth a ruther long barrel."

The prosecuting lawyer beckoned to the sheriff, who handed him Tom's pistol.

"Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol."

"'Twas just such a one as that. I can't say it was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an' about as long in the barrel."

"What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?"

"Tom run off as fast as his feet could carry him, an' I went up towards George, who'd fell over. He was dead agi'nst I could get there."

After bringing out some further details, the prosecutor turned with an air of confidence and said:

"You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln."

There was a brief pause during which the jurymen changed their positions on the hard seats. In making these changes they looked at one another, and it was clear that their minds were well made up. Lincoln at length rose slowly and stood awhile in silence, regarding Sovine, who seemed excited, and his eyes sought to escape the lawyer's gaze.

"You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?"

"Yes" [*alert and answering promptly*].

"Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?"

"No, I wasn't" [*suspiciously*].

"Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?"

"I was more than twenty" [*huskily*].

"What had you and George Lockwood been doing together?"

"We'd been—talking" [*alarmed at this line of questioning*].

"Oh, you had?"

"Yes."

"In a friendly way?"

"Yes, tubby shore; we never had any fuss."

"You parted from him as a friend?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the time Tom came up you'd got—how far away? Be careful now."

"I've told you twice. More than twenty feet."

"You might have been mistaken about its being Tom, then?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Did you know it was Tom before he fired?"

"Tubby shore, I did."

"What time of night was it?"

"Long *towards* 10, I sh'd think."

"It might have been 11?"

"No, 't wusn't later 'n about 10" [*doggedly*].

"Nor before nine?"

"No 't wus nigh onto ten, I said" [*with irritation, speaking louder than before*].

"How far away were you from the meeting-place?"

" 'Twixt a half a mile an' a mile."

"Not over a mile?"

"No, scarcely a mile."

"But don't you think it might have been a little less than a half a mile?"

"No, it's nigh onto a mile. I didn't measure it, but it's a mighty big three-quarters."

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood made a better impression than on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved.

"You didn't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?"

"No! What should we have a candle for?"

"Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?"

"No, of course not! What'd they have candles for?"

"Where were the lights on the camp-ground?"

"Close by the preachers' tent."

"More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?"

"Anyway as much as three-quarters [*beginning to wish he could modify his previous statement of the distance*].

"How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?"

"Twenty feet."

"You said 'or more' awhile ago."

"Well, 't wusn't no less, p'r'aps" [*showing signs of worrying*]. "You don't think I measured it, do yeh?"

"There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?"

"No" [*cold perspiration beading on his face*].

"You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the preachers' tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away and in the woods?"

"No, of course not."

"How could you see Tom and know that it was he that fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?"

"Saw by moonlight" [*snappishly*].

"What sort of trees were on the ground?"

"Beech."

"Beech-leaves are pretty thick in August?"

"Ye-es, ruther" [*gasped the witness*].

"And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And you could see him shoot?"

"Yes."

"And you full twenty feet away?"

"Well, about that; nearly twenty feet, anyhow."

"And you pretend to say to this court that by the moonlight that you got through the beech-trees in August you could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?"

"Ye-es."

"And you could see what kind of a pistol it was?" [*This was said with a little laugh very exasperating to the witness.*]

"Yes, I could" [*with dogged resolution not to be faced down*].

"And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?" [*There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.*]

"Yes" [*spoken freely*].

"And you twenty feet or more away?"

"I've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see" [*whiningly*].

Lincoln paused and looked at Sovine, whose extreme distress was apparent. Lincoln, after regarding his uneasy victim awhile, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat, and drew forth a small pamphlet. He turned the leaves with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was silent. The members of the bar were intently watching the struggle between counsel and witness. The judge stopped scratching his quill, and lowered his spectacles that he might study the distressed face of the tormented witness.

Lincoln appeared to be the only perfectly deliberate person in the room. He seemed disposed to protract the situation as long as possible. He held his victim on the rack and let him suffer. He would turn a leaf or two in his pamphlet and then look up at the demoralized witness, as though to fathom the depth of his torture and to measure the result. At last he fixed his thumb firmly on a page and turned his eyes to the judge.

"Now, your Honor, this witness" [*with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine*] "has sworn over and over that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood, near the Union camp-meeting on the night of the 9th of last August, and that he, the witness, was standing twenty feet or more away while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are this witness's eyes that he even saw what kind of a pistol the prisoner held in his hands, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson's as precisely like and probably the identical weapon." [*Here Lincoln paused and scrutinized Sovine.*] "All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot—saw and observed them at 10 o'clock at night, by means of moonlight shining through the trees—beech-trees in full leaf. This is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in beech-woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods." [*Lincoln paused here that his words might produce due effect on judge and jury.*

Meanwhile he turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began once more:] "But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the witness, I should like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will see that on the night of the 9th of last August, when this extraordinary witness"—[*with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down on a chair in exhaustion*]—"saw the shape of a pistol at twenty feet away at 10 o'clock, by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past one in the morning."

Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman. Countrymen in that day were used to consulting almanacs, and one group after another satisfied themselves that on the night of the 9th, that is, on the morning of the 10th, the moon came up at half-past one o'clock. When all had examined the page, Lincoln took back his little book.

"Will you let me look at it?" asked the judge.

"Certainly, your Honor"; and the little witness was handed up to the judge, who looked it all over, outside and in, examining even the title-page to make sure that the book was genuine and belonged to the current year. Then he took note on a slip of paper of the moon's rising on the night of August 9 and 10, and handed back the almanac to Lincoln. The audience in the court-room was utterly silent and expectant.

"Now, may it please the court," Lincoln went on, "I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional—a matter of life or death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now, why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to perjure himself? Why does he wish to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?" [*Lincoln stood still a moment and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale; then he*

went on, very slowly:] "Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move, your Honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder."

"This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury," said the judge. "Sheriff, arrest David Sovine!"

The sheriff went up to the now stunned Sovine. "I arrest you," he said.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had lived all these weeks had wrecked his self-control at last.

"God" [*he murmured, dropping his head with a sort of shudder*], "'taint any use keepin' it back no longer. I—didn't mean to shoot him, an' I wouldn't 'a' come here ag'inst Tom if I could 'a' got away."

The result of Lincoln's masterful stroke was now for the first time realized. The whole court-roomful of people burst into cheers, laughter, cries, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

"May it please the court," said Lincoln, who had remained standing, waiting for the tempest to subside, "I move, your Honor, that the jury be instructed to render a verdict of 'Not guilty'."

The judge proceeded to give the jury instructions to render the desired verdict. As soon as the jury had gone through the formality of a verdict, the sheriff came and opened the door of the witness-box and let Tom out.

"Abr'am," said Tom's mother, "d' yeh know, I kind uv lost confidence in you when you sot there so long without doin' *any*thing." Then, after a moment of pause: "Abr'am, I'm thinkin' I'd ort to deed you my farm. You've 'arned it, my son; the good Lord Almighty knows you have."

"I'll never take one cent, Aunt Marthy—not a single red cent"; and Lincoln grasped Tom's hand, saying:

"Tom will be a help in your old days, Aunt Marthy, and then I'll be paid a hundred times. You see, it'll tickle me to think that when you talk about this you'll say: 'That's the same Abe Lincoln that I used to knit stockings for when he was a poor little fellow with his bare toes sticking out of ragged shoes in the snow'."

A HERO NEW.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[From ode recited at Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865.]

FORGIVE me if from the present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity.
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all humankind,

Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of serf and peer
Could nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

I cannot but know that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me such a task as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and, so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the great American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them.—*Abraham Lincoln, February, 1861.*

LINCOLN, THE IMMORTAL.

HENRY WATTERSON.

FROM Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its soldiers and its statesmen, who rose to eminence and power step by step through a series of geometrical progression, as it were, each promotion following in regular order, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. These were not what we call "men of destiny." They were men of the time. They were men whose career had a beginning, a middle and an end, rounding off a life with a history, full, it may be, of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensible and comprehensive, simple, clear, complete.

The inspired men are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we cannot see. There is no explication to these lives. They rose from shadow and went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They arrived, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle upon them; and they passed away, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were distinctly the creating of some special providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil until their work was done, and passed from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it; Luther, Shakespeare, Burns, even Bonaparte, the archangel of war, havoc and ruin; not to go back into the dark ages for examples of the hand of God stretched out to raise up, to protect, and to cast down.

Tried by this standard and observed in an historic spirit, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than in Abraham Lincoln, whose life, career and death might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as low as the son of God in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light, nor fair surroundings; a young manhood vexed by weird dreams and visions, bordering, at times, on madness; singularly awkward, ungainly, even among the uncouth about him; grotesque in his aspects and ways, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, without name or fame or ordinary preparation, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command, and entrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party were made to stand aside; the most experienced and accomplished men of the day, men like Seward and Chase and Sumner, statesmen famous and trained, were sent to the rear; while this comparatively unknown and fantastic figure was brought by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is entirely immaterial whether we believe in what he said or did, whether we are for him or against him; but for us to admit that during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world has never witnessed before, he filled the measure of the vast space allotted him in the actions of mankind and in the eyes of the world, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the enormous equipment indispensable to the situation.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman? and stayed the life of the German priest? God alone; and, so surely as these were raised up by God, inspired of God was Abraham Lincoln, and, a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder than that which tells of his life and death. If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then were not Luther, or Shakespeare, or Burns. If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then there is no such thing on earth as special providence or the interposition of Divine power in the affairs of men.

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.—*Abraham Lincoln, in 1854.*

LINCOLN.

CHARLES H. FOWLER.

[Extract from oration delivered at Philadelphia, 1876, Centennial Exposition.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the representative character of his age. He incarnated the ideal Republic. No other man ever so fully embodied the purposes, the affections, and the power of the people. He came up among us. He was one of us. His birth, his education, his habits, his motives, his feelings, and his ambitions, were all our own. Had he been born among hereditary aristocrats, he would not have been our President. But born in the cabin, and reared in the field and in the forest, he became the Great Commoner. The classics of the schools might have polished him, but they would have separated him from us. But trained in the common-school of adversity, his calloused palms never slipped from the poor man's hand. A child of the people, he was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin. His practical wisdom made him the wonder of all lands. With such certainty did he follow causes to their ultimate effects, that his foresight of contingencies seemed almost prophetic. While we in turn were calling him weak and stubborn and blind, Europe was amazed at his statesmanship, and awed into silence by the grandeur of his plans.

Measured by what he did, Lincoln is a statesman without a peer. He stands alone in the world. He came to the government by a minority vote. Without an army, without a navy, without money, without munitions, he stepped into the midst of the most stupendous, most widespread, most thoroughly equipped and appointed, most deeply planned rebellion of all history. He stamped upon the earth, and two millions of armed men leaped forward. He spoke to the sea, and the mightiest navy the world ever saw crowned every wave. He breathed into the air, and money and munitions rained upon the people.

He is radiant with all the great virtues, and his memory will shed a glory upon this age that shall fill the eyes of men as they look into history. An administrator, he saved the nation in the perils of unparalleled civil war. A statesman, he justified his measures by their success. A philanthropist, he gave liberty to one race and salvation to another. A moralist, he bowed from the summit of human power to the foot of the cross, and became a Christian. A mediator, he exercised mercy under the most absolute abeyance to law. A leader, he was no partisan. A commander, he was untainted with blood. A ruler in desperate times, he was unsullied with crime. A man, he has left no word of passion, no thought of malice, no trick of craft, no act of jealousy, no purpose of selfish ambition.

Thus perplexed, without a model and without a peer, he was dropped into these troubled years to adorn and embellish all that is good and all that is great in our humanity, and to present to all coming time the representative of the divine idea of free government.

HONEST ABE OF THE WEST.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

[1860 Republican Campaign Song. Air: "Star-Spangled Banner."]

THEN on to the holy Republican strife!
And again, for a future as fair as the morning,
For the sake of that freedom more precious than life,
Ring out the grand anthem of Liberty's warning!
Lift the banner on high, while from mountain and plain,
The cheers of the people are sounded again;
Hurrah! for our cause—of all causes the best!
Hurrah! for Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

I am always for the man who wishes to work.—*Abraham Lincoln, in 1864.*

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

[Read at Lincoln Birthday Dinner, given in 1900 by Republican Club of New York City.]

WHEN the norn-mother saw the whirlwind hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed

With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
So came the Captain with the mighty heart:
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge-pole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

ST. GAUDENS'S LINCOLN STATUE, CHICAGO.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

UPRISEN from his fascèd chair of state,
Above his riven people bending grave,
His heart upon the sorrow of the slave,
Stands simply strong the kindly man of fate.
By war's deep bitterness and brothers' hate
Untouched he stands, intent alone to save
What God himself and human justice gave,—
The right of men to freedom's fair estate.
In homely strength he towers almost divine,
His mighty shoulders bent with breaking care,
His thought-worn face with sympathies grown fine;
And as men gaze their hearts as oft declare
That this is he whom all their hearts enshrine,—
This man that saved a race from slow despair.

Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for President, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough. He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South.

As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race, Abraham Lincoln.

If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here without contemplating consequences, before a high heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love.—*Abraham Lincoln, December 20, 1839.*

EMANCIPATION GROUP.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AMIDST thy sacred effigies
Of old renown give place,
O city, Freedom-loved! to his
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-lined face, that time forgot,
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word
He spake was not his own!
An impulse from the Highest stirred
These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
Along his pathway ran,
And nature, through his voice, denied
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife and pain;
His was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth
As it is done above!
Bear witness to the cost and worth
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
To coming ages long,
That truth is stronger than a lie
And righteousness than wrong.

ABOLITIONIST AND SLAVEHOLDER.

DISCUSSION BETWEEN JUDGE WHIPPLE AND COLONEL CARVEL.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

[Arranged from "The Crisis."]

Time: Just before the Civil War. *Place*: St. Louis.

JUDGE WHIPPLE. What a miserable exhibition—Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire managed by Jefferson Davis of Mississippi!

COLONEL CARVEL. And he was well managed.

JUDGE. What a pliant tool of your Southern slaveholders! See the magnificent forts he permitted Davis to build up in the South, the arsenals he let him stock. The country does not realize this.

COLONEL. You should be satisfied now. Another Northern man is in the White House.

JUDGE. Buchanan! Worse than the first! What are we coming to? Can't you see, Carvel, how one sin leads to another—how slavery is demoralizing a free people?

COLONEL. It is because you won't let it alone where it belongs. The welfare of the whole South depends on slavery. Our plantations could not exist a day without slave-labor. If you abolished that institution you would ruin millions of your fellow-countrymen,—you would reduce sovereign States to a situation of disgraceful dependence. And all for the sake of a low breed that ain't fit for freedom. Look at the South Americans. How do republics go there? And the minute you and I let in niggers, who haven't any self-control, on an equal basis with as much of a vote as you have,—niggers that have lived like wild beasts in the depths of the jungle since the days of Ham—what's going to become of our Republic?

JUDGE. Education.

COLONEL. Education isn't a matter of one generation, but of centuries.

JUDGE. Your prejudice is hide-bound, sir.

COLONEL. No, when God washed off this wicked earth and started new, He saw fit to put the sons of Ham in subjection.

JUDGE. Divine institution! A black curse! Because the world has been a wicked place of oppression since Noah's day, is that any reason why it should so continue until the day of Judgment?

COLONEL. Now, see here, if we had any guarantee that you would let us alone where we are, to manage our slaves and to cultivate our plantations, there wouldn't be any trouble. But the country keeps on growing and growing, and you're not content with half. You want everything,—all the new States must abolish slavery. And after a while you will overwhelm us, and ruin us, and make us paupers.

JUDGE. The nation is going to the dogs. We shall never prosper until the curse is shaken off, or wiped out in blood. But the party that is to save us was born last year on Washington's birthday. The Republican Party, sir.

COLONEL. Shucks! The black Republican Party, made up of old fools and young anarchists and nigger-worshippers. Why, that party's a joke. Where's your leader?

JUDGE. In Illinois.

COLONEL. What's his name?

JUDGE. Abraham Lincoln.

COLONEL. He's a demagogue, an obscure lawyer, poor white trash; born in a log-cabin.

JUDGE. The nation doesn't know him yet; but the day will come when it will. If the nation could have heard him, he would be President to-day. I happened to be at the convention. He came ambling out of the back of the hall, a lanky, gawky-looking man; but the moment he opened his mouth he had us spellbound. The language he used was that of a God-sent prophet. He cried out: "We will say to the Southern disunionists, we won't go out of the Union, *and you shan't. This government cannot exist half slave and half free.*"

ONE OF LINCOLN'S ROOMMATES SPEAKS.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

ABE LINCOLN? Wull, I reckon! Not a mile f'om where we be,
Right here in Springfiel', Illinoise, Abe used to room with me.
He represented Sangamon, I tried it for Calhoun,
And me and Abe was cronies then; I'll not forgit it soon.

I'll not forgit them happy days we used to sort o' batch
Together in a little room that didn't have no latch
To keep the other fellers out that liked to come and stay
And hear them dasted funny things Abe Lincoln used to say.

Them days Abe Lincoln and myself was pore as anything.
Job's turkey wasn't porer, but we used to laff and sing,
And Abe was clean chuck full o' fun; but he was sharp as tacks,
For that there comic face o' his'n was fortified with fac's.

Some fellers used to laff at Abe because his boots and pants
Appeared to be on distant terms; but when he'd git a chance
He'd give 'em sich a drubbin' that they'd clean forgit his looks,
For Abe made up in common-sense the things he lacked in books.

Wull, nex' election I got beat, and Abe come back alone;
I kep' a-clinkin' on the farm, pervidin' for my own.
You see, I had a woman, and two twins that called me paw;
And Abe, he kep' a-clinkin', too, at politics and law.

I didn't hear much more of Abe out there in old Calhoun
For I was out o' politics and kinder out o' chune
With things that happened; but 'way back I'd named my two twin boys—
One Abraham, one Lincoln; finest team in Illinoise!

Wull, here one day I read that Abe's among the candidates
(My old friend Abe!) for President o' these United States;
And though I had the rheumatiz and felt run down and blue,
I entered politics agin and helped to pull him through.

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And when nex' spring he called for men to fetch their grit and guns
And keep the ship o' State afloat, I sent him both my sons,
And would 'a gone myself and loved to make the bullets whiz
'F it hadn't b'en I couldn't walk account o' rheumatiz.

Wull, Abe—my little Abe, I mean—he started out with Grant;
They buried him at Shiloh. . . . . Excuse me, but I can't
Help feelin' father-like, you know, for them was likely boys;
The' wasn't two another sich that went f'om Illinoise!

And Lincoln—my son Lincoln—he went on by hisself,
A-grievin' for his brother Abe they'd laid upon the shelf,
And when he come to Vicksburg he was all thrashed out and sick;
And yet, when there was fightin', Link fit right in the thick.

One night afore them Rebel guns my pore boy went to sleep
On picket dooty. . . . No, sir; 'tain't the shame that makes me weep:
It's how Abe Lincoln, President, at Washin'ton, D. C.,
Had time to ricolleck the days he used to room with me!

For, don't you know I wrote him they'd sentenced to be shot
His namesake, Lincoln Pettigrew, in shame to die and rot!
The son of his old crony, and the last o' my twin boys
He used to plague me so about, at Springfiel', Illinoise.

Did he? Did Abe? Wull, now, he sent a telegraph so quick
It burnt them bottles on the poles and made the lightnin' sick!
"I pardon Lincoln Pettigrew. A. LINCOLN, President."
The boy has got that paper yit, the telegraph Abe sent.

I guess I knowed Abe Lincoln! And now I've come down here—
Firs' time I b'en in Springfiel' for nigh on sixty years—
To see his grave and tombstone, because—because, you see,
We legislated in cahoots, Abe Lincoln did, and me.

An army is a constitutional means of saving the Union against a rebellion.—*Abraham Lincoln, written in 1863.*

LINCOLN.

JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER.

[From address before Republican Club of Buffalo, 1905.]

SOME tell us that Lincoln was a great orator. If that is so, the standards of the schools, ancient and modern, must be thrown away. Perhaps they ought to be; and when they are this curious circuit-rider of the law, who refreshed his companions with wit and argument from the well of English undefiled; this champion of civil liberty, confuting Douglas with a remorseless logic, cast in phrases rich with the homely wisdom of proverbial literature; this advocate of the people, head and shoulders above his brethren, stating their case before the bar of history, in sentences so simple that a child can follow them; surely such a one cannot be left out of the company of the masters who have added something to the conquests of the mother-tongue. He was dissatisfied with his modest address at Gettysburg, read awkwardly from poorly-written manuscript, and thought Edward Everett's oration the best he had ever heard; but Everett himself discerned, without a minute for reflection, that the little scrap of crumpled paper which the President held in his unsteady hand that day would be treasured from generation to generation after his own laborious deliverance had been forgotten.

Within less than half a century this man, once despised, once derided, once distrusted and maligned, has been transfigured, in the light of universal history, so that all men, and all generations of men, may see him and make out, if possible, the manner of man he was. His life in this world was not long, less than threescore years, only ten of them visible above the dead level of affairs. Yet into that brief space events were crowded, so stupendous in their ultimate significance, that we lay down the narrative which records them with a strange feeling coming over us, that maybe, after all, we are not reading about a man at all, but about some mysterious personality, in the hands of the higher Powers, with a supernatural commission to help and to bless the human race.

STORY OF LINCOLN.

C. C. HASSLER.

TELL to the boys the story of Lincoln,
Tell it to them when early in youth,
Tell of his struggles for knowledge to fit him,
Guide him thro' manhood in honored truth.

Tell them of Lincoln; yes, tell them the story,
None more worthy of honor than he;
None was more proud of our national glory;
None was more true to the flag of the free.

Tell to the boys the story of Lincoln;
Tell of his loyalty, tell of his hate—
Not toward men, but the infamous measures
False to the nation, the home and the State.

Tell them; yes, tell them, his highest ambition
Was of all men in the nation to stand
Close to the hearts of the people who loved him—
Loved him and chose him to rule in the land.

Tell to the boys the sad story of Lincoln;
Tell of his trials when traitors defied
And spurned the old flag; how the nation's defenders
At his call rallied and sprang to his side;

Tell how he suffered when news of the battle
Told of disaster, of wounded and dead;
Tell how his great noble heart was oft gladdened
When as proud victors our armies were led.

Tell them; yes, tell them the story and point them
Up to a standard he would applaud;
Loyal in life to the State and the nation,
True to one country, one flag and one God.

LINCOLN.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.
[United States Senator.]

[From address before Massachusetts Legislature, February 12, 1909.]

THAT nation has not lived in vain which has given to the world Washington and Lincoln, the best great men and greatest good men whom history can show.

We can pause to-day in the hurry of daily life and contemplate that great, lonely, tragic figure; that imagination with its touch of the poet; that keen, strong mind, with its humor and its pathos; that splendid common-sense and pure character, and then learn from the life which the possessor of all these qualities lived, and from the deeds which he did, lessons which may not be without value to each of us in our own lives.

Lincoln's paramount purpose was to save the Union, and he saved it. His critics thought he was sacrificing the anti-slavery cause. He thought otherwise, and he was right. At the accepted time he emancipated the slaves and signed the death warrant of human slavery. Had he struck at the wrong moment he might have ruined the Union cause and thereby left the slaves in bondage. He was a great statesman and he knew all the conditions, not merely part of them.

Yet when all is said, it is not Lincoln's patient wisdom, his undaunted courage, his large abilities, that should really sink deepest in our hearts and minds to-day. Touch, if you can, as he touched, the "mystic chords of memory." Think of that noble character, that unwearied devotion to his country, that gentle heart that went out in sympathy to all his people. No one can read all this and not feel that he is lifted up and made better. Remember him as he lay dying, having offered up the last great sacrifice on the altar of his country.

Then, indeed, you feel his greatness, and you cry out in the words of Bunyan, "So Valiant-for-Truth passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

CHARLES G. HALPIN.

HE filled the nation's eye and heart,
An honored, loved, familiar name,
So much a brother that his fame
Seemed of our lives a common part.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung,
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.

He was his country's, not his own;
He had no wish but for her weal;
Not for himself could think or feel,
But as a laborer for her throne.

Oh, loved and lost! thy patient toil
Had robed our cause in victory's light;
Our country stood redeemed and bright,
With not a slave on all her soil.

A martyr to the cause of man,
His blood is freedom's eucharist,
And in the world's great hero list
His name shall lead the van.

Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.—*Abraham Lincoln, in 1850.*

LINCOLN AND GETTYSBURG.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

[From oration delivered at Eighteenth Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Gettysburg, July 3, 1887, many Southerners, survivors of Confederate Army, being present.]

LIKE the House of Delegates in Williamsburg, where Patrick Henry roused Virginia to resistance; like Faneuil Hall in Boston, where Samuel Adams lifted New England to independence; like Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, where the Continental Congress assembled, the field of Gettysburg is invested with the undying charm of famous words fitly spoken. While yet the echoes of the battle might have seemed to linger in the awed and grieving air, while far beyond the Potomac the hostile armies still lay encamped and the final issue of the war was veiled, stood the sad and patient and devoted man, whose burden was greater than any man of his generation, and as greatly borne as any solemn responsibility in human history—the man for whom no disappointment, nor calumny, nor defeat, nor calamitous disaster could extort an unkind or ungenerous word of a single foe—the man who said of the Southern soldiers when the war began that, like their opponents, they "are American citizens, with essentially the same characteristics and powers; exceptional advantages on one side are counterbalanced by exceptional advantages on the other. We must make up our minds that, man for man, the soldier from the South will be a match for the soldier from the North, and vice versa." By a singular fortune, like Washington through both parents a son of Virginia, he shares with Washington the affectionate gratitude of his country. Upon this field he spoke the few simple words which enshrine the significance of the great controversy, and which have become a part of this historic scene, to endure with the memory of Gettysburg, and to touch the heart and exalt the hope of every American from the Gulf to the Lakes and from ocean to ocean, so long as this valley shall smile with spring and glow with autumn, and day and night and seed-time and harvest shall not fail.

Already he had said, with the pathetic yearning of a true American heart, while the war was imminent, but had not yet begun: "We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." To-day his prophetic vision is fulfilled. The murmur of these hosts of peace encamped upon this field of war, this universal voice of friendly greeting and congratulation, these cheers of the Gray echoing the cheers of the Blue, what are they but the answering music of those chords of memory; the swelling chorus of the Union responding to the better angels of our nature? If there be joy in heaven this day, it is in the heart of Abraham Lincoln as he looks down upon *this* field of Gettysburg.

ANOTHER WASHINGTON.

JOEL BENTON.

SOME opulent force of genius, soul, and race,
Some deep life-current from far centuries
Flowed to his mind and lighted his sad eyes,
And gave his name, among great names, high place.
But these are miracles we may not trace,
Nor say why from a source and lineage mean
He rose to grandeur never dreamt or seen
Or told on the long scroll of history's space.
The tragic fate of one broad hemisphere
Fell on stern days to his supreme control,
All that the world and liberty held dear
Pressed like a nightmare on his patient soul.
Martyr beloved, on whom, when life was done,
Fame looked, and saw another Washington!

THIS WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[If desired, this poem may be recited by five pupils, each of the five reciting one of the first five stanzas and all five pupils reciting the last stanza in concert.]

ONLY a baby, fair and small,
Like many another baby son,
Whose smiles and tears came swift at call,
Who ate, and slept, and grew, that's all,—
The infant Abe Lincoln.

Only a boy like other boys,
With many a task, but little fun,
Fond of his books, though few he had,
By his good mother's death made sad,—
The little Abe Lincoln.

Only a lad, awkward and shy,
Skilled in handling an ax or gun,
Mastering knowledge that, by and by,
Should aid him in duties great and high,—
The youthful Abe Lincoln.

Only a man of finest bent,
A splendid man: a nation's son,
Rail-splitter, lawyer, President,
Who served his country and died content,—
The patriot, Abe Lincoln.

Only—ah! what was the secret, then,
Of his being America's honored son?
Why was he famed above other men,
His name upon every tongue and pen,—
The illustrious Abe Lincoln?

A mighty brain, a will to endure,
Kind to all, though a slave to none,
A heart that was brave, and strong, and sure,
A soul that was noble, and great, and pure,
A faith in God that was held secure,—
This was Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.
[President of the United States.]

IT seems to me, as I study the life of Lincoln, that in his development and the position to which he attained there is more inspiration for heroism and usefulness to the country than in the life of any other one man in history. He had his weaknesses, like others. His education was faulty. But he clarified his methods of thought and expression so that he was able to meet every problem presented by a solution as simple as it was effective. The responsibility which he had to assume when he came to the presidency was awful to contemplate. The criticism and abuse to which he was subjected in the crises of the Civil War one is ashamed to review as a matter of history. And yet it is of the utmost value in the encouragement of others that they may not be borne down by the weight of hostile and persistent criticism.

We have never had in public life a man whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing toward those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness. And we have never had in public life a man who took upon himself uncomplainingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did, nor in all our history a man who had such a mixture of far-sightedness, of understanding of the people, of common-sense, of high sense of duty, of power of inexorable logic, and of confidence in the goodness of God in working out a righteous result as had this great product of the soil of our country.

One cannot read of Abraham Lincoln without loving him. One cannot think of his struggles, of his life and its tragic end, without weeping. One cannot study his efforts, his conscience, his heroism, his patriotism, and the burdens of bitter attack and calumny under which he suffered, and think of the place he now occupies in the history of this country, without a moral inspiration of the most stirring and intense character.

WAS LINCOLN KING?

ELLA M. BANGS.

WE talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause, "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When "No" came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then, with a start,
"He wasn't a king—*outside*," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

I desire so to conduct the affairs of this Administration that if, at the end, when I come to lay down the reins of power, I have lost every other friend on earth, I shall at least have one friend left, and that friend shall be down inside of me.—*Lincoln's reply to Missouri Committee of Seventy, in 1864.*

CALMED BY THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

THOMAS NAST.
[Great cartoonist.]

I WAS in Washington a few days prior to the inauguration of President Lincoln, in 1861, to take sketches. You intuitively recognized that trouble was brewing. Many people had sworn that Lincoln should not be inaugurated. Their utterances had fired the Northern heart, and the people loyal to the old flag were just as determined that the lawfully-elected President should be inaugurated, though blood should flow in the attempt.

It was an awful time. People looked different then than they do now. Little knots of men could be seen conversing together in whispers on street corners, and even the whispers ceased when a person unknown to them approached. Everybody seemed to suspect everyone else. Women looked askance at each other, and children obliged to be out would scurry home as if frightened, probably having been given warning by the parents.

The streets at night, for several nights prior to the inaugural ceremonies, were practically deserted. There was a hush over everything. It seemed that the shadow of death was hovering near. I had constantly floating before my eyes sable plumes and trappings of woe. I could hear dirges constantly and thought for a while that I would have to leave the place or go crazy. I knew that all these somber thoughts were but imagination, but I also knew that the something which had influenced my imagination was tangible—really existed.

The 4th of March came and Lincoln was inaugurated quietly and without ostentation. After the services, and it became known that Lincoln had really been inducted into office, there was a savage snarl went up from the disaffected ones. The snarl was infectious. It was answered by just as savage growls all over the city. But nothing was said. A single yell of defiance, a pistol-shot, or even an oath would have precipitated a conflict.

Men simply glared at each other and gnashed their teeth, but were careful not to grit them so it could be heard. I went to my room in the Willard and sat down to do some work. I couldn't work. The stillness was oppressive. At least a dozen times I picked up my pencils, only to throw them down again. I got up and paced the floor nervously. I heard men on either side of me doing the same thing. Walking didn't relieve the mental strain. I sat down in my chair and pressed my head in my hands.

Suddenly I heard a window go up and someone step out on the balcony. Everybody in the hotel had heard him. What is he going to do? I asked myself, and I suppose everyone else asked the same question. We hadn't to wait long. He began to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in a clear, strong voice.

The effect was magical, electrical. One window went up, and another, and heads popped out all over the neighborhood. People began to stir on the streets. A crowd soon gathered. The grand old song was taken up and sung by thousands.

The spell was broken. Men wild with joy, some of them weeping and throwing their arms around one another's neck. Others were singing and all were happy.

Washington was itself again. The "Star-Spangled Banner" had saved it.

PATIENT ABRAHAM.

OUT of the mellow West there came
A man whom neither praise nor blame
Could gild or tarnish; one who rose
With fate-appointed swiftness far
Above his friends, above his foes;
Whose life shone like a splendid star,
To fill his people's hearts with flame;
Who never sought for gold or fame;
But gave himself without a price—
A willing, humble sacrifice—

An erring nation's Paschal lamb—
The great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

I never saw his wrinkled face,
Where tears and smiles disputed place;
I never touched his homely hand,
That seemed in benediction raised,
E'en when it emphasized command,
What time the fires of battle blazed,
The hand that signed the act of grace
Which freed a wronged and tortured race;
And yet I feel that he is mine—
My country's; and that light divine
Streams from the saintly oriflamme
Of great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

He was our standard-bearer; he
Caught up the thread of destiny,
And 'round the breaking Union bound
And wove it firmly. To his task
He rose gigantic; nor could sound
Of menace daunt him. Did he ask
For homage when glad victory
Followed his flag from sea to sea?
Nay, but he staunched the wounds of war;
And you owe all you have and are—
And I owe all I have and am
To great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

The pillars of our temple rocked
Beneath the mighty wind that shocked
Foundations that the fathers laid:
But he upheld the roof and stood
Fearless, while others were afraid;
His sturdy strength and faith were good,

While coward knees together knocked,
And traitor hands the door unlocked,
To let the unbeliever in.
He bore the burden of our sin,
While the rebel voices rose to damn
The great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

And then he died a martyr's death—
Forgiveness in his latest breath,
And peace upon his dying lips.
He died for me; he died for you;
Heaven help us if his memory slips
Out of our hearts! His soul was true
And clean and beautiful. What saith
Dull history that reckoneth
But coldly? That he was a man
Who loved his fellows as few can;
And that he hated every sham—
Our great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

Majestic, sweet, was Washington;
And Jefferson was like the sun—
He glorified the simplest thing
He touched; and Andrew Jackson seems
The impress of a fiery king
To leave upon us: these in dreams
Are oft before us; but the one
Whose vast work was so simply done—
The Lincoln of our war-tried years—
Has all our deepest love; in tears,
We chant the In Memoriam
Of great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

The ballot is stronger than the bullet.—*Abraham Lincoln, in 1856.*

MASTERFUL, GREAT MAN.

HENRY TYRRELL.

LINCOLN arose! the masterful, great man,
Girt with rude grandeur, quelling doubt and fear,—
A more than king, yet in whose veins there ran
The red blood of the people, warm, sincere,
Blending of Puritan and cavalier.
A will whose force stern warriors came to ask,
A heart that melted at a mother's tear—
These brought he to his superhuman task:
Over a tragic soul he wore a comic mask.

He was the South's child more than of the North!
His soul was not compact of rock and snow,
But such as old Kentucky's soil gives forth,—
The splendid race of giants that we know,
Firm unto friend, and loyal unto foe,
Such birthrights all environment forestall,
Resistlessly their tides of impulse flow.
This man who answered to his country's call
Was full of human faults, and nobler for them all.

He is a life, and not a legend, yet:
For thousands live who shook him by the hand,
Millions whose sympathies with his were set,
Whose hopes and griefs alike with his were grand,
Who deeply mourned his passing. They demand
Our homage to the greatest man they saw,—
They, his familiars; and throughout our land
The years confirm them, over race and law:
Even of rancor now the voice is hush'd in awe.

The fight must go on. The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats.—*Abraham Lincoln, written in 1858.*

SELF-SACRIFICING SOLDIER SAVED.

Dramatized by Stanley Schell.

CHARACTERS:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
FARMER OWEN
BENNIE OWEN, the Condemned Soldier
REV. JAMES ALLEN
BLOSSOM OWEN
WHITE HOUSE ATTENDANT
SEVERAL SOLDIERS. (These may be omitted.)

NOTE.—Effective introduction to play is following pantomime: Background of stage is set as moonlight woods-scene; foreground open space with moss-covered ground. Back of foreground are trees, behind which, and marching to and fro, may be seen Union soldier sentry with gun on shoulder. As time passes he lags like a very tired person. Suddenly he straightens up and listens; sound of coming soldiers is heard. He faces front so that audience gets full view of face as Union soldiers appear. Sentry salutes officer and stands at "attention" awaiting orders. Officer seems to give orders, then both salute, and officer and soldiers pass on. For a while sentry keeps up faithful march, but soon nods, straightens up, nods, stumbles, yawns, etc. Finally he stumbles at foot of tree and sits a moment, trying to arouse himself. He nods again and again and is soon asleep. Enter Union officer with soldiers. Officer looks about and not seeing sentry begins a search and finds sentry asleep. He taps him on shoulder. Sentry rises and salutes. Officer speaks sternly, and places him under arrest. Sentry says nothing, but looks very sorrowful. He is marched out between soldiers and a new sentry is substituted. Curtain falls.

SCENE I.

FARMER OWEN'S sitting-room. FARMER OWEN and REV. JAMES ALLEN seated near table. FARMER OWEN looks sorrowful and REV. ALLEN sympathetic. BLOSSOM seated near fire-place, pretending to look at pictures. She has anxious expression as she listens.

FARMER OWEN [*sorrowfully*]. I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one [*looks off in distance*]. The dear boy only slept a minute, just a minute at his post; I

know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. [*Proudly.*] How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second; he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I [*stretches up*], and only eighteen! And now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,—only twenty—four—hours. [*Utter prostration.*] Where is Bennie now? [*Drops head on table and weeps bitterly.*]

REV. JAMES ALLEN [*soothingly*]. We will hope, with his heavenly Father.

FARMER O. [*looking up reverently*]. Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful. [*Sits looking dreamily skyward—comes back suddenly.*] Why, I know now Bennie never did wrong intentionally. He said to me just before I consented to his going, "Father, I should be ashamed, when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm"—and he held it out so proudly before me—"for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow." What could I say to such a speech? All I did say was, "Go then, go, my boy; God keep you." God has kept him, God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen, God—has—kept—him. [*Says these words more and more slowly, as if, in spite of reason, his heart doubted them.*]

REV. ALLEN. Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not.

[*Tap at kitchen door.* BLOSSOM *opens it and gets a letter. She hurriedly closes door and goes to her father.*]

BLOSSOM. It is from him, father.

[FARMER O. *Takes letter with trembling fingers, tries to break envelope but can't—holds it towards minister with helplessness of a child.* REV. ALLEN *takes letter and opens it, and reads as follows:*]

"*Dear Father:*—

"When this letter reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind

me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might be on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it,—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and, when I am gone, you may tell all my comrades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother, I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back to the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Towards night we went in on double-quick; and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

REV. ALLEN [*stops, then speaks reverently*]. God be thanked! I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep *carelessly* at his post.

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances,—'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better,—better life."

REV. ALLEN [*gives deep sigh as if bursting from heart*]. Amen [*solemnly*]. Amen.

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me; but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor

"BENNIE."

FARMER O. And that is all—I know. O God, can nothing be done to save my boy? Nothing? Thou can'st and Thou wilt. I know now Thou wilt.

[BLOSSOM *stands with clasped hands leaning against her father.* MINISTER ALLEN *stands with bowed head.* FARMER OWEN *as he says, "Thou can'st and Thou wilt," rises and looks up as if convinced his boy would be saved.*]

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.

LINCOLN'S private work-room in White House. LINCOLN seated at desk at work. Soldier stands at R. side of desk awaiting papers being signed by the President. Entrances are R. and L. side center. Suddenly an old White House Attendant comes in tremblingly and stands waiting. LINCOLN, in deep study, looks up, and, discovering who is waiting, smiles and says:]

LINCOLN. Well, my man, what is it? Surely, you are not afraid!

ATTENDANT. A little girl without begs to see you. I told her you were too busy.

LINCOLN. Never too busy to see a little child. Send her in in five minutes.

[LINCOLN *resumes work and soon finishes with a sigh. Soldier exits R. with papers.* LINCOLN *sinks into brown study. Suddenly L. door opens and* BLOSSOM *enters with downcast eyes and folded hands, and stands still, looking at* LINCOLN, *who suddenly discovers her; and, as he sees her fully, his face floods with sunshine.*]

LINCOLN. Well, my child [*pleasant, cheerful tones*], what do you want, so bright and early in the morning?

BLOSSOM [*falteringly*]. Bennie's life, please, sir.

LINCOLN. Bennie, who is Bennie?

BLOSSOM. My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post.

LINCOLN. Oh, yes [*looks over papers before him*]. I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence.

BLOSSOM [*gravely*]. So my father said, but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired; and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too.

LINCOLN. What is that you say, child? [*Eagerly.*] Come here; I do not understand.

[BLOSSOM *goes to him and climbs on his knees, and looks timidly into his eyes. Suddenly she remembers letter and pulls it out of pocket where she has it wrapped in handkerchief. She unwraps letter as if it were a precious thing and hands it to the President.* LINCOLN *opens it, reads it carefully, pats* BLOSSOM *gently on shoulder, puts her down; turns to desk, puts down letter and writes hastily a few moments, then rings a bell several times.*]

[ATTENDANT *enters L. door.* LINCOLN *hands him a paper.* BLOSSOM *looks on wonderingly.*]

LINCOLN. *Send this dispatch at once—at once; understand?* [*Turns lovingly to* BLOSSOM.] Tell me your name, little girl.

BLOSSOM. Blossom, sir.

LINCOLN. Blossom—what a sweet name, and just suited to so sweet and brave a maid. You shall go home, now, Blossom, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you.

BLOSSOM. God bless you, sir; God bless you. [*Stands beside* LINCOLN, *holding his hand with both hands and looks into his face.* LINCOLN, *who has risen on her first words, looks at her with happy face.*]

LINCOLN. God has blessed me already—little Blossom—first in sending you here, and lastly in permitting me once again to save the life of a human being.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE III.

Same anteroom of White House, two days later. LINCOLN is again seated near desk, but this time with happy face. BLOSSOM is on his knee. At rise of curtain she seems to say something funny; LINCOLN laughs heartily, then suddenly stops and places his hands on her head as if blessing her. Several soldiers enter, BENNIE OWEN among them. BLOSSOM is about to rush to him, but LINCOLN gently detains her. He rises and moves forward to BENNIE. Soldiers about him move to R. and L. of stage, leaving LINCOLN and BLOSSOM and BENNIE near center front. LINCOLN picks up a strap and fastens it on BENNIE'S shoulder.

LINCOLN [*looking at soldiers and then at* BENNIE]. The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage with his own, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country. You have won the strap, my brave boy. May my son in similar situation do a similar act. Go home to your father, and enjoy a furlough. Good-bye. [*Shakes* BENNIE'S *hand.* BENNIE *salutes and starts for L. exit.*]

BLOSSOM. Say good-bye to me, sir, too; I should like to go with Bennie now.

LINCOLN [*taking her into his arms and suddenly clasping her close, then kissing her*]. May my boy be as brave as you—good-bye—Blossom—God bless you—God bless you.

[CURTAIN.]

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint.

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

LINCOLN'S DAY.

EXERCISE FOR TWENTY OR MORE PUPILS.

Lincoln, born February 12, 1809—Died April 15, 1865.

Decorate walls with flags; display portrait of Lincoln and picture of log-house where he was born. At beginning of exercise children stand at back of stage. Pupil 1 steps forward; and, pointing to picture of Lincoln's birthplace, says:

PUPIL 1. Built of logs, grown old and black,
With mosses filling each chink and crack,
Never a window and ne'er a door,
With only hardened earth for floor.
Little, and old, and mean, and low,
It stood one winter, long ago,
When on a February morn,
Little Abraham Lincoln was born.

PUPIL 2. [*stepping forward*]. When was this?

PUPIL 1. With all their smiles and all their tears,
Over one hundred we count the years
Since that day to the past have sped
Numbering him with the quiet dead.

PUPIL 2. Where was he born so long ago?

PUPIL 1. He was born near Hodgenville, Kentucky.

[*Three pupils step forward, holding cards, one card giving the year, second card the month, third card the day of his birth.*]

ALL PUPILS. We'll keep his memory green alway.

PUPIL 1. This is the year.

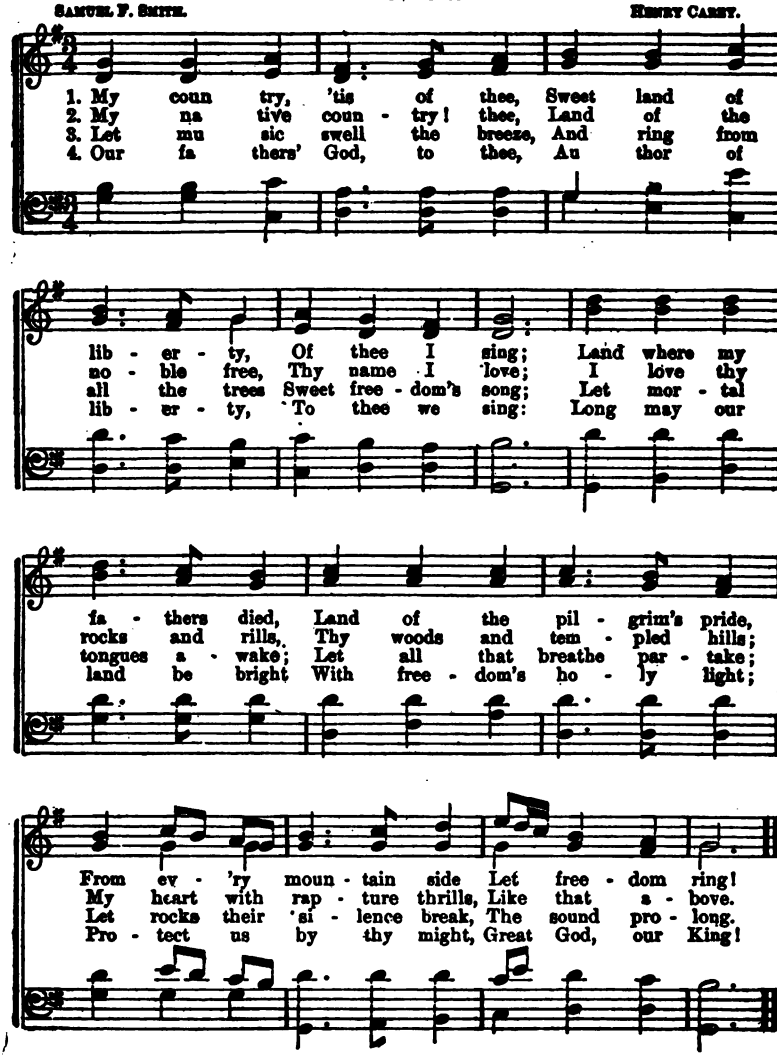
PUPIL 2. The month.

PUPIL 3. The day.

ALL PUPILS. When he opened his baby eyes,
To grow to a man both good and wise,—
A man whose wisdom, truth, and worth
Have made him honored o'er all the earth.
We children too, will his name revere,
Keeping his birthday every year,
While wreaths of laurel to him we bring,
And many a song in his praise will sing.

America.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



SONG: Tune: "America."

For thee, the true and great,
Whose was the martyr's fate,
  Our tears shall fall.
Honor unto thy name,
Brighter shall grow the fame
Of him who did proclaim
  Freedom to all.

[*One pupil hangs wreath of laurel above portrait. Other children step forward; and, as each one speaks, the rest make motions suggested by text.*]

ALL PUPILS. We tell of the years of toil that sped
Roughly over his childish head;
Yet sturdy, strong, and stout of heart,
Through all he acted well his part.
So listen now, if you'd like to know
What he could do so long ago.

PUPIL 1. This is the way he planted corn,
Steadily working night and morn.

PUPIL 2. Driving a team of horses, so.

PUPIL 3. Helping to plough.

PUPIL 4. To reap.

PUPIL 5. To mow.

PUPIL 6. And old folks say he couldn't be beat
When swinging the flail that threshed the wheat.

PUPIL 7. Chopping wood with the greatest care.

PUPIL 8. Making a table, shelf, or chair.

PUPIL 9. Tending baby for mother to rest;
Always trying to do his best.

ALL PUPILS. Ever ready for honest work,
And whatsoever came to his hand
He did with his might, we understand.

PUPIL 10. He learned to read and learned to write,
Doing his best by the fitful light
Of the backlog, sending its sparks on high
Till they seemed like stars in the evening sky.

PUPIL 11. Yet little schooling was there for him;
For poverty, surly, dark and grim,
Set him his tasks from day to day,
And portioned the time for work, not play.

PUPIL 12. How long did he live in Kentucky?

PUPIL 13. Until 1816, when his father moved to an uncleared tract of land in Indiana. Here Abraham helped clear the land, and sometimes was "hired boy" for neighboring farmers. He also worked as carpenter and cabinet-maker, and split rails. You know he is sometimes called "The Rail-Splitter."

PUPIL 14. Still, as the years went by, he grew
Into a man, so honest, true,
That people pointed with pride to him.

PUPIL 15. For a short time he was a boatman on the Mississippi river, and went as far as New Orleans.

PUPIL 16. In 1832 he was a captain in the Black Hawk War.

PUPIL 17. A lawyer, next to the halls of state
His country called him to legislate.

PUPIL 18. They made him a member of Congress then,
And called him "one of our rising men."

PUPIL 19. There came a time when people said,
"He shall be at the nation's head."
And then on the country's weal intent,
Lincoln was made the president.

ALL PUPILS. The years that followed, you know them well;
Sad are the stories that records tell;
For war's red banners waved overhead,
And the nation mourned for her children dead.
Yet, spite of troubles, of doubts and fears,

That haunted his path through weary years,
He kept his faith in the God above,
And looked on the erring ones in love.

PUPIL 20. Alas! when troubles seemed almost o'er,
And we heard peace knock at the nation's door,
From east to west the sad news sped,
"Let the country mourn for her president—dead."

ALL PUPILS. Thus for his country a martyr died,
He who, safe to the other side,
Through perils of war and adverse fate,
Had safely guided the ship of state.
Honor his memory, children, all;
Yet never a tear from your eyes should fall,
For, though he walks on this earth no more,
A life like his can never be o'er.

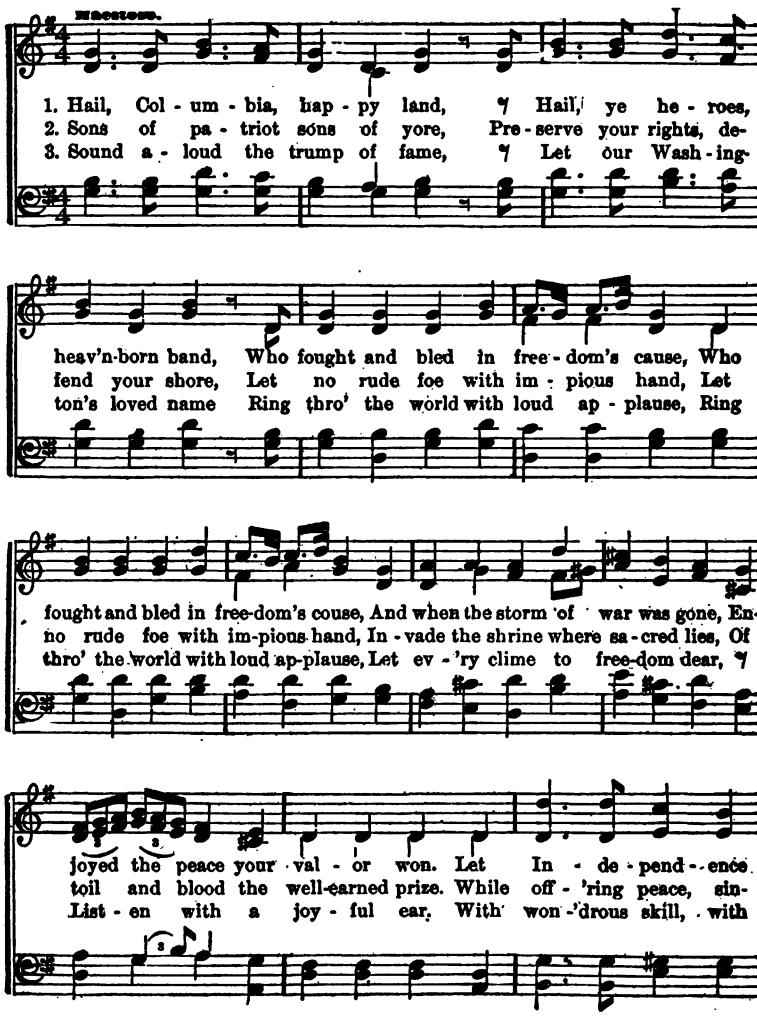
[*Pointing to flag.*]

Let the flag of his country above him wave,
The country he gave his life to save.
And every year, when this month comes round,
And the snow lies white on the frozen ground,
From east and west, from south and north,
Let us see the children come marching forth,
In the name of Freedom to keep for aye
February the twelfth as a holiday.

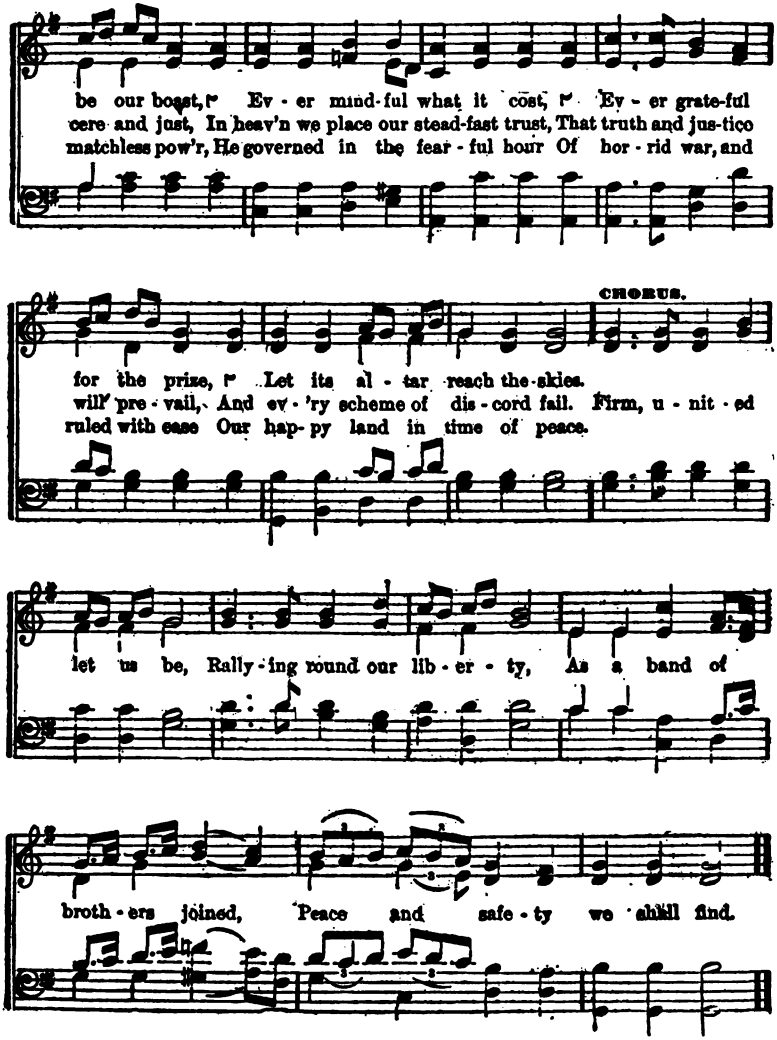
THE BIBLE.

In regard to this great book, I have but to say, it is the best gift God has given to man. All the good Saviour gave to the world was communicated through this book. But for it we could not know right from wrong. All things most desirable for man's welfare, here and hereafter, are to be found portrayed in it. To you I return my most sincere thanks for the very elegant copy of the great Book of God which you present.—*Abraham Lincoln to a Negro delegation, 1864.*

Hail Columbia.



HAIL COLUMBIA—Continued.



SONG. [*Tune*: *"Hail Columbia."*]

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
Ring thro' the world with loud applause;
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

CHORUS.

Firm, united let us be
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

BOYS [*waving flags*].

We wave our country's flags on high,
We're steadfast, each a loyal son,
We cheer those names that will not die,
Our Lincoln and our Washington.

GIRLS [*waving handkerchiefs*].

We join our cheers for heroes brave,
Praise courage firm, and faith sublime.
Each gave his life our land to save,
We'll praise those names in every clime.

BOYS.

No bells e'er peeled such tidings grand,
As those on Independence morn,
The echoes rolled from strand to strand
For liberty and Washington.

GIRLS. Again bells rang for slaves now free,
For Union and for Lincoln true,
Our States unite from sea to sea,—
Oh, cheer the Red and White and Blue!

SONG. [*Air*: *March from "Faust."*]
Glory and love to the men of old;
Their sons may copy their virtues bold;
Courage in heart and a sword in hand,
Yes, ready to fight or ready to die for Fatherland.
Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown?
Who lacks pity to spare, when the battle is won?
Who would fly from a foe, if alone or last?
And boast he was true, as coward might do,
When peril is past?

[*Repeat first four lines.*]

ACROSTIC.

EPIGRAMS FROM LINCOLN'S WRITINGS, FOR SEVEN PUPILS.

L et none falter who thinks he is right.

I know the Lord is on the side of right, but it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side.

N o man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

C ome what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe.

O n that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible.

L et us make up our mind that when we do put a new star upon our banner, it shall be a fixed one.

N owhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality.

HISTORY OF LINCOLN IN BRIEF.

EXERCISE FOR 28 PUPILS.

PUPIL 1. In 1806, Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married in Kentucky.

PUPIL 2. In 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky.

PUPIL 3. In 1816, the Lincoln family removed to Perry County, Indiana.

PUPIL 4. In 1818, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's mother, died.

PUPIL 5. In 1819, Thomas Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's father, married a second time, Sally Bush Johnson.

PUPIL 6. In 1830, the Lincoln family removed to Illinois.

PUPIL 7. In 1831, Abraham Lincoln located at New Salem, Illinois.

PUPIL 8. In 1832, Abraham Lincoln was made captain in the Black Hawk War.

PUPIL 9. In 1833, Abraham Lincoln was appointed postmaster at New Salem.

PUPIL 10. In 1834, Abraham Lincoln was appointed surveyor and was elected to the Illinois Legislature.

PUPIL 11. In 1835, Abraham Lincoln fell in love with Anne Rutledge.

PUPIL 12. In 1836, Abraham Lincoln was re-elected to the Illinois Legislature.

PUPIL 13. In 1837, Abraham Lincoln received his license to practise law.

PUPIL 14. In 1838, Abraham Lincoln was re-elected to the Illinois Legislature.

PUPIL 15. In 1840, Abraham Lincoln was re-elected to the Illinois Legislature and was made Presidential Elector on the Harrison ticket.

PUPIL 16. In 1842, Abraham Lincoln married Mary Todd.

PUPIL 17. In 1843, birth of Lincoln's first child, Robert Todd Lincoln.

PUPIL 18. In 1846, Abraham Lincoln was elected to the Congress of the United States. Birth of Lincoln's second child, Edward Baker Lincoln.

PUPIL 19. In 1848, Abraham Lincoln was sent as delegate to the Philadelphia National Convention.

PUPIL 20. In 1850, birth of Lincoln's third child, William Wallace Lincoln.

PUPIL 21. In 1853, birth of Lincoln's fourth child, Thomas Lincoln.

PUPIL 22. In 1856, Abraham Lincoln helped form the Republican Party.

PUPIL 23. In 1858, Abraham Lincoln debated with Stephen A. Douglas.

PUPIL 24. In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States.

PUPIL 25. In 1861, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States.

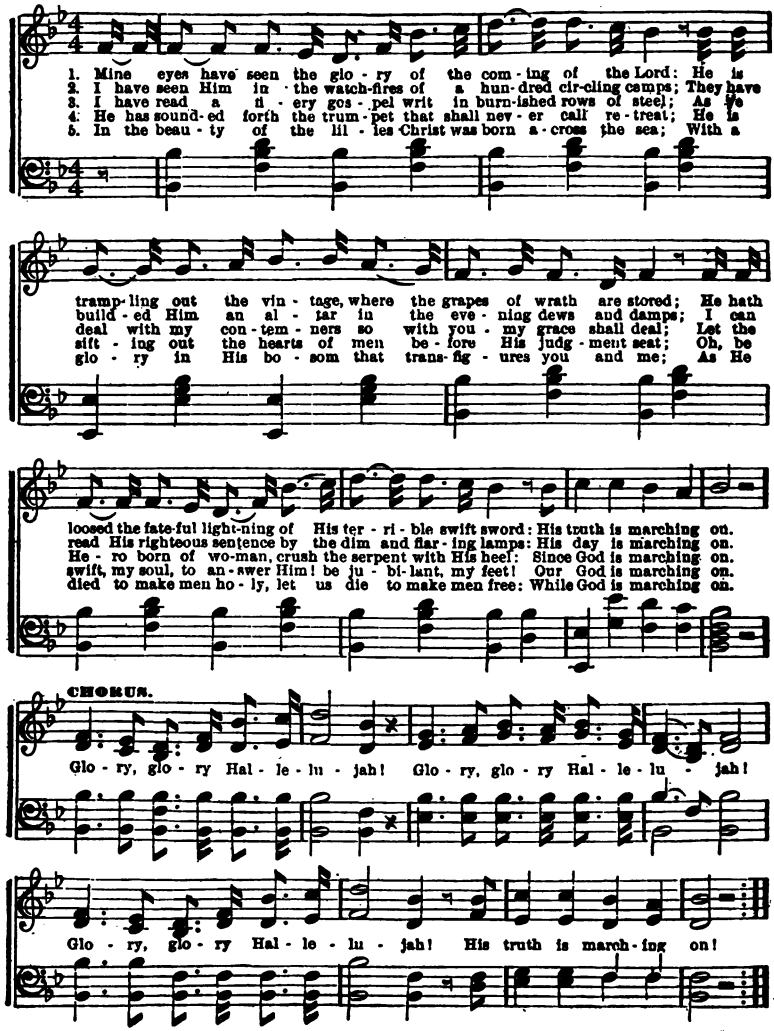
PUPIL 26. In 1863, Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

PUPIL 27. In 1864, Abraham Lincoln was re-elected President of the United States.

PUPIL 28. In 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth. Buried at Springfield, Illinois.

Taking slaves into new territories, and buying slaves in Africa, are identical things,—identical rights or identical wrongs; and the argument which establishes one will establish the other. Try a thousand years for a sound reason why Congress shall not hinder the people of Kansas from having slaves, and, when you have found it, it will be an equally good one why Congress should not hinder the people of Georgia from importing slaves from Africa. —*Abraham Lincoln, 1859.*

Battle-Hymn of the Republic.



TABLEAUX VIVANT: WAR, SLAVERY, PEACE.

CHARACTERS: Columbia, Slavery, War, Peace and large portrait of Lincoln.

COSTUMES:

Columbia, golden-haired girl in Columbia costume.

Slavery, black girl in long, flowing gray gown, with shackled hands.

War, tall girl or man, with strong features, black eyes, black hair; robed in black or dark steel gray, wearing helmet and carrying sword or musket.

Peace, clothed in white with wings and gilt crown; dove on shoulder and olive branch in hand.

TABLEAUX.

MUSIC: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" ("Red, White and Blue").

Curtains open and disclose *Tableau*: Large pedestal on which is seated Columbia gazing lovingly at portrait of Lincoln, which she is holding.

MUSIC: "Way down upon the S'wanee River."

Tableau continued: Enter Slavery, glides slowly in and kneels with supplicating gesture before Lincoln's portrait, but slightly to left of it, her chains clanking.

MUSIC: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

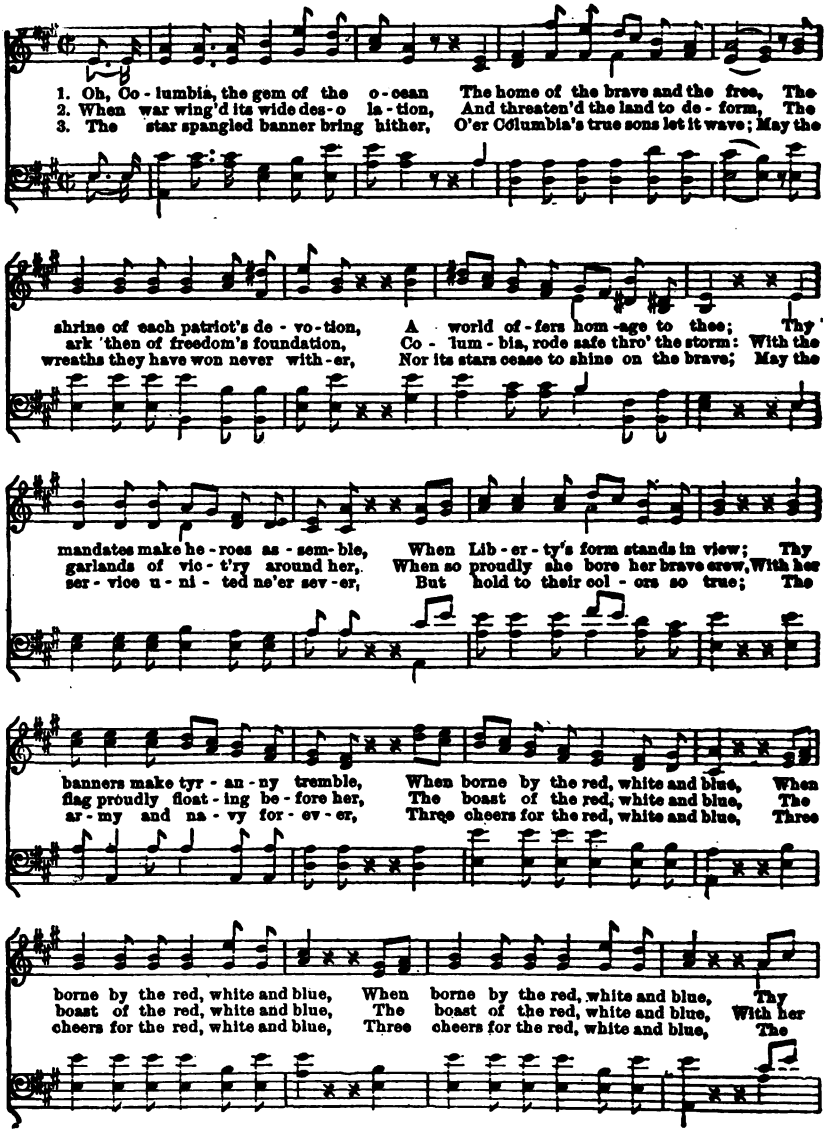
War enters at right, advances with martial tread, takes position at R. of Columbia.

MUSIC: "America."

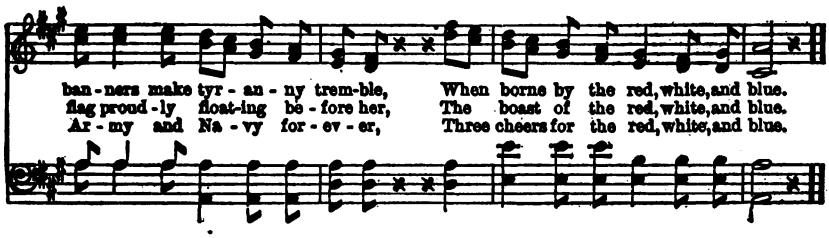
Peace enters at stage rear, mounts pedestal behind Columbia and spreads arms above group in protecting fashion.

Throw tableau light over whole.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.



COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN—Continued.



RAIL-SPLITTER DRILL.

CHARACTERS: Not more than 12 tall and thin boys.

COSTUME: Overall suit over calico shirt; straps of overalls pass over shoulders to hold overalls in place. Six boys carry axes and six carry fence-rails.

1. Enter boys, carrying axes across shoulders, at right rear entrance. Enter boys, carrying fence-rails across shoulders, at left rear entrance.
2. March across stage to back center. Halt a second.
3. One boy from each side marches down stage to front side by side. Separate at front, one passing to right and the other to left. March around stage to back center.
4. Axe-boys march forward in couples. Fence-rail boys do likewise but behind Axe-boys. Axe-boys form in three groups of two each across front of stage. Fence-rail boys form in two groups of three each at right and left of stage center and back of Axe-boys.
5. Axe-boys form in groups of threes and form circle about Fence-rail boys. Fence-rail boys have set up rails between them and knelt at bottom of rails, looking up at them. Axe-boys stand with axes raised as if about to strike rails.

6. Kneeling boys rise quickly and grab rails. All run to stage center and stand back to back with rails thrust out in front of body. Axe-boys take positions at end of each rail with axes raised as if to strike.

7. Fence-rail boys move as one body around in a circle. Reverse and revolve in other direction. Axe-boys stand as if surprised.

8. Fence-rail boys run swiftly from center to corners of stage front, rear and sides. Axe-boys run to center, stand back to back and face outward. Axes are raised as if about to strike. Fence-rail boys stand with rails raised as if also about to strike.

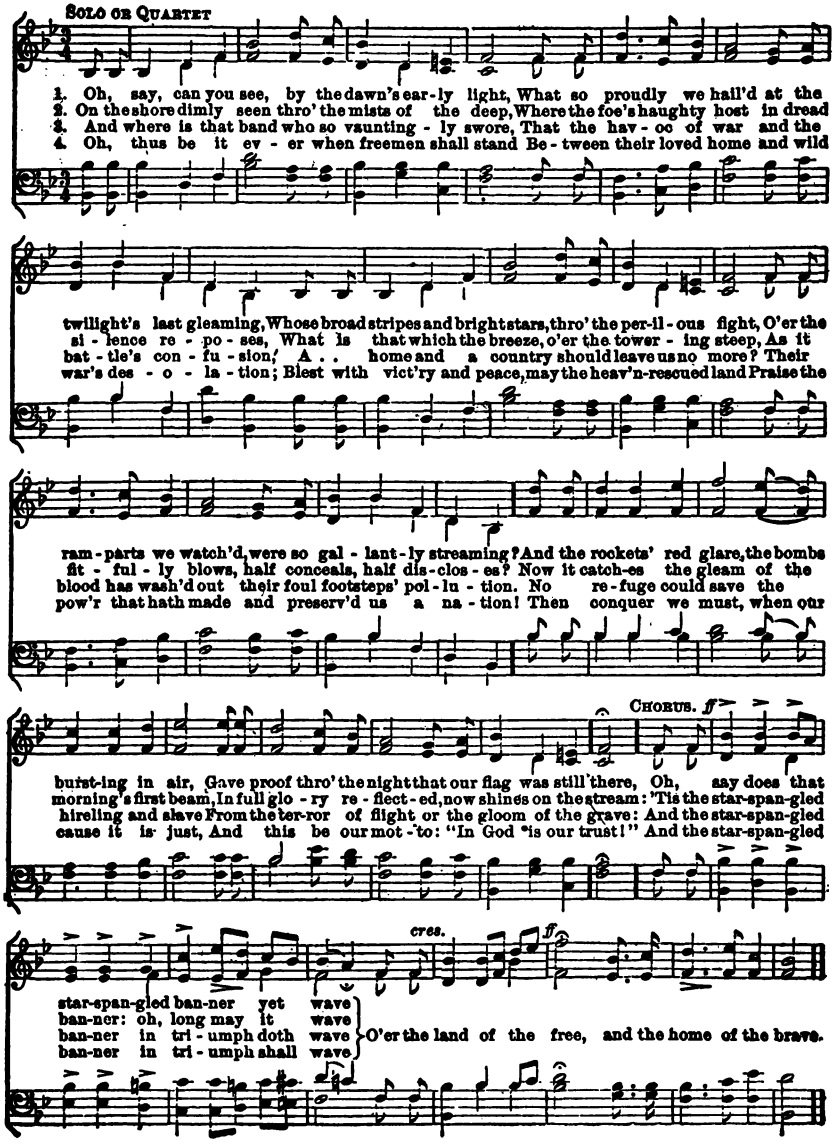
9. Fence-rail boys and Axe-boys approach one another stealthily, meet and join axes and rails; revolve; march to stage front and sing to tune "Marching thro' Georgia":

We are the Rail-splitter Boys
Of dear America
Leading all the bravest on,
Where the fight is strong,
Leading onward to the light
So far, far away,
While we are bringing freedom homeward.
Hurrah, hurrah, we made the black boys free.
Hurrah, hurrah, the black boys of Dixie.
So we shout, and sing, hurray
Every blessed day
While we are marching on with Freedom.

All face stage right, and, with rails and axes across shoulders, march off stage.

He who does *something* at the head of one regiment, will eclipse him who does *nothing* at the head of a hundred.—***Abraham Lincoln, in 1861.***

The Star-Spangled Banner.



HISTORICAL EXERCISES FOR LINCOLN'S DAY.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Bust of Lincoln at front of platform, with cast of Emancipation Group. Several casts or pieces of sculpture would add to interest of exercises. One or more portraits should also be shown, with flags and evergreen.

SONG: "Star-Spangled Banner" By the School.

DECLAMATION: "Lincoln's Statue." By a Pupil.

LINCOLN'S STATUE.

IN many cities of our country the visitor will see, in bronze or marble, the similitude of one striking figure. It is that of a tall, gaunt man, with rugged and care-lined features, plain and unpretentious. But there is a singular dignity in the commanding figure, and the seamed countenance is irradiated by a benign purpose, the nobility of which, and the profound satisfaction of it, overmaster even the sadness of his eyes. And, whatever the act or attitude in which he is represented,—whether bending over the slave unmanacled at his feet, or laying down the pen whose stroke had given him that freedom,—the same inherent nobility stamps every presentment of the familiar form and face. We can never tell the story of our nation's growth and transformation and leave out his part in it; and we cannot speak of typical American manhood and patriotism and not first remember him—Abraham Lincoln, "the supreme American of our history." He stands midway of our national history, as Washington stood at its beginning,—with the same innate authority, the same perception of the nation's destiny and of its peril, the same unswerving fidelity to noble, patriotic ideals, and with a devotion even more consummate.

RECITATION: "To Lincoln's Bust in Bronze," by Richard Watson Gilder. (See page 73.) By a Pupil.

DECLAMATION: "Achievement and Patriotic Service," By a Pupil.

ACHIEVEMENT AND PATRIOTIC SERVICE.

In his story the romance of possible achievement and the never-lessening, ever-new opportunities of patriotic service in our republic are written large,—in characters, indeed, which the child may spell, in words the unlearned may understand, in lines which, however familiar, the youth may thrill as he declaims. To this plain man millions of our countrymen owe their citizenship, and their manhood itself. While other millions, whom none may yet number, owe, and will owe, a debt not less great,—the perpetuity of the nation, and the effacing from its scutcheon of a permitted wrong. None else, of all the sons who have guided her, have discerned so plainly her own intent and opportunity. The aims of her founders, the convictions of the men who declared her liberties and shaped her constitution, the profound and unifying purpose which makes her story and her destiny what they are to her citizens and to the world, have hardly been grasped so thoroughly by any other. Certainly, no other has interpreted them in terms so unmistakable. These achievements and this service had their origins in beginnings almost primordial in their simplicity. His biography is the romance of our later history, as his influence, it is well said, seems like its providence.

RECITATION: "A Hero New," by James Russell Lowell. (See page 84.) By a Pupil.

EXERCISE: "Lincoln's Story." By Four Pupils.

LINCOLN'S STORY.

PUPIL I.

In the most primitive of backwoods dwellings, on a lonely farm in a Kentucky clearing, Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th of February, 1809. This hovel was his home for the first seven years of his life, and then his father, Thomas Lincoln, moved his family to Indiana, where, with the help of the boy and his mother, another cabin was built, walled in on three sides, and with the fourth, in winter, hung with skins, to keep out the cold and possi-

ble intruders. This, in time, gave place to another with four walls, and with furniture hewn rudely enough, and with no axe-strokes to spare, from the trees of the forest around them. Here, a year later, when he was nine years old, his mother died; and, lonely and neglected, the boy and his sister shivered in the cheerless cabin, or, in summer, roamed the woods like little savages, uncared for and uncomforted. But by and by a new mother came,—an energetic, capable, intelligent and kindly woman, who brought all manner of homely comforts into the dreary house. To Abraham, especially, her sway in the household meant a new era, and a lasting one. She gave him comfort and sympathy, and she insisted on a measure of schooling, though even she could not secure for him, under the circumstances, more than meagre allowance. This, however, paved the way for better things, for he soon discovered that he could be his own schoolmaster,—a fact he never lost sight of his lifetime through.

PUPIL II.

Lincoln was a tall and vigorous lad, and his later boyhood was spent in work on his father's farm and those of his neighbors in hewing logs, chopping wood, driving teams, and tending store; and, especially, in learning all that the few books to be obtained in the neighborhood, or that intercourse with the settlers themselves, now fast becoming more numerous and intelligent, could teach him. His own efforts at self-improvement were unwearying. The wooden fire-shovel,—which could be planed off at need, or replaced by another,—served for slate and blackboard. On it, too, he wrote his first compositions,—committing them to paper if any came in his way, although, as the supply was always scanty, he was usually obliged to condense severely to make his pages hold what he had to say. He discovered that he could make rude speeches, also, and he had, besides, a fund of humor, as well as of kindliness, and a talent for mimicry which made him everywhere a favorite. He seems to have had at this time a dim consciousness of powers and aptitudes out of the common, and he

was regarded by his associates as a clever young man. But his scanty opportunities, the mental tasks, employments by which he was forced to support himself, his rustic speech and coarse clothing—which remained for a long time of primitive simplicity,—and his natural uncouthness, obscured for a long time both his unusual abilities and the native force of his character and aspirations. When he was twenty-one his father moved again, this time to Illinois, the State with which his son's fame is most closely connected. Here, not far from Springfield, "Abe," as he was still called, having driven thither an ox-team with the household goods, helped build another log-cabin, and then, to fence the clearing, split the rails which have long since become historic by their connection with his career.

RECITATION: "Memory," by Abraham Lincoln. (See "Werner's Readings No. 46.") By a Pupil.

PUPIL III.

He was now twenty-one, and had begun life for himself. He had had in all only about a year's schooling, had read only such books as he could pick up from time to time, and had associated almost wholly with illiterate people. But it was at this time that he went to New Orleans, where he saw a slave auction,—a sight which he never forgot, and which gave him his first impressions of the horrors of slavery. Early in the next year he declared himself a candidate for the General Assembly of Illinois, making the announcement, and setting forth his views, in a hand-bill he had prepared himself, sufficiently explicit and well-worded. In the interval before election the Black Hawk war broke out, and Lincoln went as captain of a company from Sangamon. On his return he was defeated at the polls, though the support he received was gratifying to him. A little before this he had borrowed a grammar, and had mastered it. A lawyer loaned him a copy of Blackstone, and he studied it diligently, and to such good purpose that we soon find him engaged with petty cases, usually without fees. His occupations for a long time were various and unremunerative.

He was for a long time harassed with debts, and seemed to make little progress. But he was steadily gaining, nevertheless, both in his own resources and in popular esteem. In 1834 he was sent to the Assembly, or State Legislature, of which he was a member for six years following, and where, in a memorable protest, joined by only one other member, he recorded his conviction that he believed "the institution of slavery to be founded on both injustice and bad policy."

PUPIL IV.

He was now a successful lawyer, with an honorable place in his profession and in the society of Springfield. It was well known that he would defend no person whom he did not believe to be innocent, nor take a case unless he was persuaded that the right of it was on his side. With this conviction, he would often produce a remarkable impression, and his pleas were of proverbial weight with a jury. He was highly esteemed throughout his own State, and for three years, beginning with 1846, he represented his own district in the National Congress. Here he was able, on two or three occasions, to give memorable expression to his anti-slavery convictions, but when he relinquished his seat, in 1849, he almost despaired of ever seeing the day when the people would themselves espouse the cause he had at heart, and especially when he could himself render any service to it. That time, nevertheless, was not so far distant as he believed. Nine years later, in the campaign of 1858, he found himself the chief champion of the cause of the slave in a series of joint debates with Stephen A. Douglas, then senator from Illinois. Lincoln was made the opposing candidate, and the issue hinged upon the supremacy of the slave-holding or of the free States. The campaign was a warm one, and Lincoln lost the election. He gained, however, some things far better worth the winning.—the following of the anti-slavery party, and a growing influence with all loyal upholders of the Union; a knowledge of the public mind, and a prestige among the Northern leaders and the more thoughtful men in all sections, which made him,

a year later, a presidential candidate, and then our president, at a great crisis in our country's history. It was well for the nation that it had chosen for its ruler a man of so strong a sense of right and justice, of a patience and sympathy so unfailing, of a patriotism so pure, and with so profound a sense of human dependence and the need of divine direction.

DECLAMATION: "America Forever," by Abraham Lincoln. (See "Werner's Readings No. 46.") By a Pupil.

DECLAMATION: Extract from Lincoln's First Inaugural. (See "Werner's Readings No. 46.") By a Pupil.

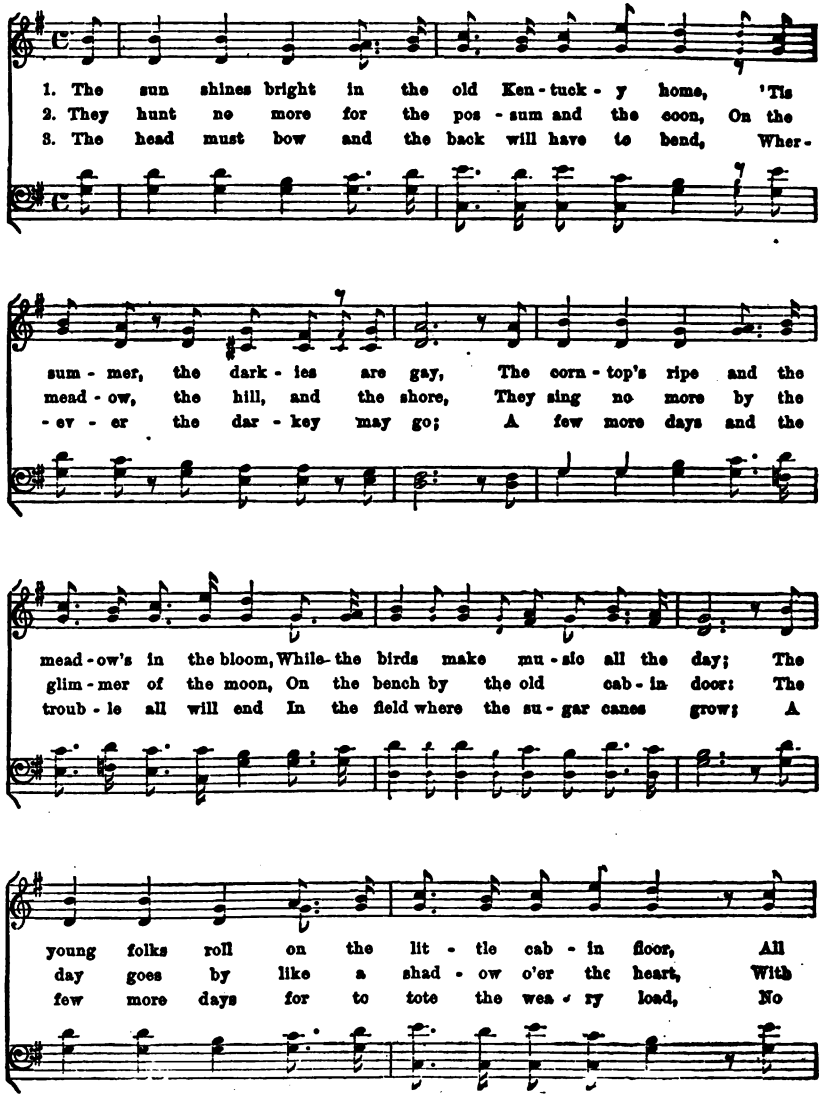
SONG: "Red, White and Blue" ("Columbia, Gem of the Ocean"). By the School.

DECLAMATION: "Common People's Sympathy for Lincoln." By a Pupil.

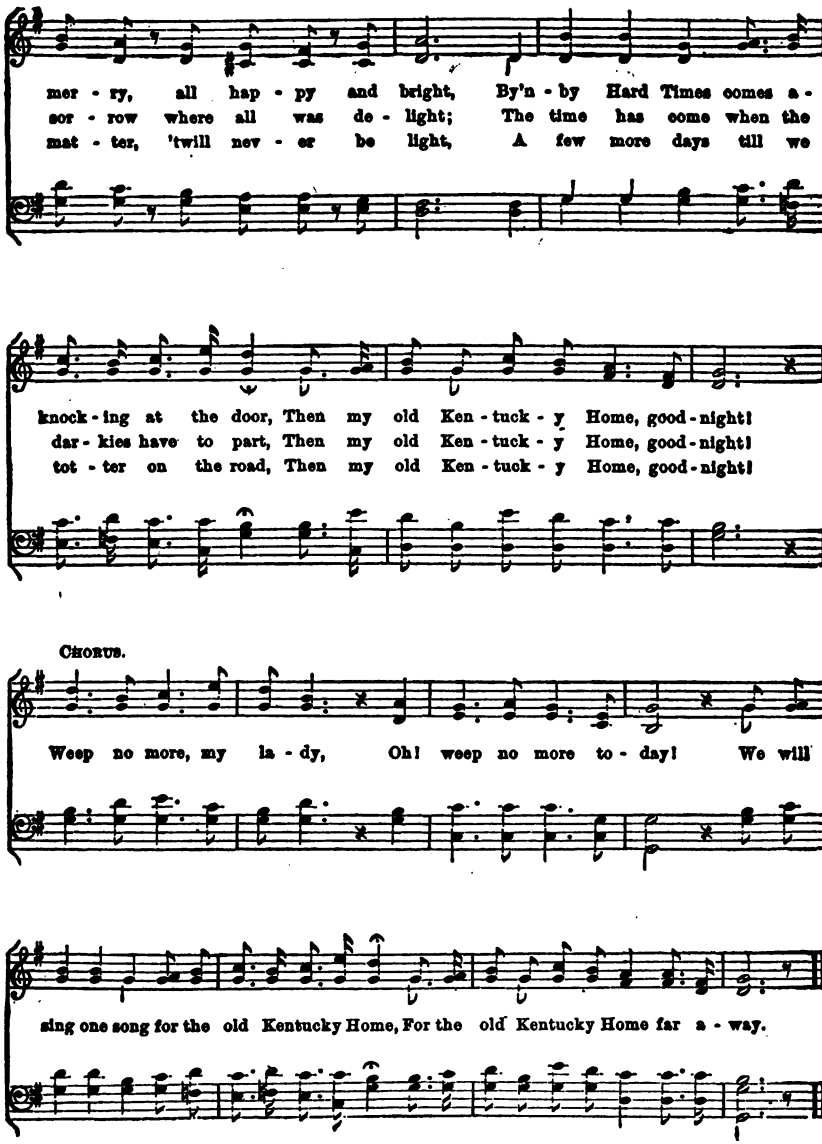
COMMON PEOPLE'S SYMPATHY FOR LINCOLN.

During the first administration of President Lincoln, and, indeed, to the close of his life, one of the most noteworthy things about him was the hold he had on the sympathy of the common people. It was very soon evident that he had won their hearts, and to the end he retained their confidence. It was this, more than all else, which gave him authority, and manifest strength, and material resources. He had counselors, chosen with rare wisdom; generals of acknowledged skill and daring. The North discovered, too, her resources, and learned to use them. But it was because the rank and file of loyal men,—those of whom he said, "God must have loved the common people, He made so many of them," relied so completely on his integrity, his wisdom, his prudence and foresight, and upon his unfailing sympathy and patience, that he was able to lead them and their cause to final victory. And these qualities, also, when the war was done, helped to make possible that speedy acceptance of its decision and that loyalty to the principles it established which are almost an anomaly in the history of nations.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Continued.



SONG: "My Old Kentucky Home." By the School.
DECLAMATION: "Lincoln's Belief in the Union." By a Pupil.

LINCOLN'S BELIEF IN THE UNION.

Abraham Lincoln believed in the American Union. He was willing to make any sacrifice for its purification and preservation. He made all men see its possibilities as he himself saw them, and he inspired them with his own confidence in its ultimate triumph and larger destiny. To this deep conviction of his, since become, in good measure, our common inheritance, he nowhere gave clearer or more convincing expression than in his speech at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863.

DECLAMATION: "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." (See "Werner's Readings No. 46.") By a Pupil.
RECITATION: "To the Spirit of Abraham Lincoln," by Richard Watson Gilder. (See page 63.) By a Pupil.
DECLAMATION: "Lincoln's Faith in the Union." By a Pupil.

LINCOLN'S FAITH IN THE UNION.

Abraham Lincoln had faith in the Union because he believed, profoundly, with a confidence which no peril or defection could shake, in the principles for which it stood and on which it had been founded. New conditions and events unforeseen had doubtless obscured them for many, but to him they were always plain, and in every choice of his their influence was dominant. It was at the beginning of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, in 1858, that some of his friends remonstrated with him for a certain explicit and memorable statement he had made regarding slavery, and of the danger of its retention within our borders. But the plea of expediency had no weight with him. "It is true," he said, "and I will deliver it as written. . . . I would rather be defeated with these expressions in my speech held up and discussed before the people than be victorious without them." And, a little later, he closed a significant address with these memorable words, which suggest the principle by which he shaped his actions, and which furnish the key to

his whole life: "Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government or of danger to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and, in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

RECITATION: "Emancipation Group," by J. G. Whittier. (See page 96.) By a Pupil.

SONG: "America." By the School.

SUGGESTED SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

"Abraham Lincoln's Boyhood."
"Lincoln and His Time."
"President Lincoln and the Soldier."
"Lincoln's War Cabinet."
"Abraham Lincoln and the Declaration of Independence."

GREAT OBJECT-LESSON.

EXERCISE FOR NINE CHILDREN.

FIRST CHILD.

PLEASE listen, dear friends, while little ones tell
Of Abraham Lincoln we all love so well:
He was born in Kentucky—years ago,
The 12th of February, this much I know.

SECOND CHILD.

His home a log-cabin, his parents were poor,
Many trials and hardships he had to endure;
He had not, as we have, good teachers, and few
Were the books from which most of his knowledge he drew.

THIRD CHILD.

Oh, sad was his heart when his dear mother died,
And no preacher to pray the lone mourner beside.
Poor lad! he was only nine years that sad day,
When in the dark grave she was hidden away.

FOURTH CHILD.

His heart was so tender! I know he was kind,
For when the poor doggie was crying behind,
He waded in dark, muddy stream, and the cur
He took in his strong arms and carried him o'er.

FIFTH CHILD.

I know he was honest, he never could bear
To wrong any one in the least, if aware;
Have you heard how he walked three long miles ere he slept,
To comfort a man that was sadly bereft?

SIXTH CHILD.

So manly, so humble, so noble, so brave,
The foe of the bully, the friend of the slave.
No wonder the hearts of the people he won,
Who made him the President, March—'61.

SEVENTH CHILD.

September, eighteen hundred and sixty-two,
Throughout all the world how the glad tidings flew!
When Lincoln proclaimed the poor slave's liberty,
And said all in bondage hereafter were free.

EIGHTH CHILD.

For freedom he labored, for freedom he died,
For weak ones, and helpless, like Him crucified;
How the heart of the nation with sorrow did swell,
When he by the hand of the murderer fell.

NINTH CHILD.

About Abr'am Lincoln, this one thing I know,
He will long be remembered by high and by low,
A great object-lesson—that one humble-born
May rise and the highest position adorn.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN COMPARED.

EXERCISE FOR 10 BOYS IMPERSONATING GEORGE WASHINGTON AND 7 BOYS IMPERSONATING ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Stage is decorated with flags. At right side of stage is placed portrait of Washington; at left side of stage is placed portrait of Lincoln. A long ledge is below each portrait on which may be placed series of cards.

WASHINGTON boys, with cards held out of sight, enter and group themselves at side of stage facing audience. Boy nearest Washington portrait steps to side of portrait, and, looking at Washington, recites his lines and places card "W" on end of ledge. Every Washington boy does the same, with his special letter. When all cards are up, name of "Washington" is in view of audience. Lincoln boys enter and group at other side of stage and each in turn does as Washington boys have done, but for Lincoln portrait. When they have finished, name of Lincoln is in view of audience on ledge.

WASHINGTON ACROSTIC.

W isdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. Prov. 4:7.

A good man obtaineth favor of the Lord. Prov. 12:2.

S eest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. Prov. 22:29.

H e that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread. Prov. 28:19.

I n the lips of him that hath understanding wisdom is found. Prov. 10:13.

N ot slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord. Rom. 12:11.

G ive instruction to a wise man and he will be yet wiser. Prov. 9:9.

T he fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Prov. 9:10.

O pen rebuke is better than secret love. Prov. 27:5.

N ow therefore hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways. Prov. 8:32.

LINCOLN ACROSTIC.

L ove is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. 13:10.

I ron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. Prov. 27:17.

N ot by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Zech. 4:6.

C ast thy bread upon the waters. Eccl. 11:1.

O pen thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy. Prov. 31:9.

L abor not to be rich. Prov. 23:4.

N ow the end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned. I Tim. 1:5.

Washington Boys form one long line across stage, facing audience, and recite in concert following poem:

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

He might have been a king,
  Riding in regal style
While men before him bowed
  Or humbly knelt the while.

He might have been a king
  And built a palace grand,
In beauty and in wealth
  The first in all the land.

He might have been a king—
  What visions we behold
Of splendor, pomp and power,
  When of great kings we're told.

He might have been a king,
  But no; he chose to be
A simple citizen
  Of the country he made free.

Washington Boys go back to place. Lincoln Boys come forward and recite in concert following poem:

SELF-RELIANCE OF LINCOLN.

Alone he worked his problems out,
And to himself explained them:
Which is the way, without a doubt,
To be quite sure you've gained them.

Alone with patient zeal he worked
In wilderness or valley.
He never once his duty shirked,
Was never known to dally.

Alone he studied law at night,
Tho' books were far from plenty;
To practise law was given the right
When he was seven and twenty.

Alone he gained the people's ears
And never once did waver,
But calmly lived down all their jeers,
And soon had won their favor.

Alone he waged the wordy war
Against the "Little Giant,"
Who, from that time lost prestige, for
His plans were proved too pliant.

Alone thro' havoc, bloodshed, strife,
His country's sorrows bore he,
And finally laid down his life
Before the dawn of glory.

Alone and—this is paramount—
He met the great Creator,
And rendered up a strict account
As all must soon or later.

SONG: "Our Heroes." (Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers.")
Words of song are as follows and are sung as indicated:

I.

WASHINGTON BOYS. Father of his country;
LINCOLN BOYS. Brother of mankind;
ALL. Both were just such heroes
As we love to find.
WASHINGTON BOYS. Washington was truthful;
LINCOLN BOYS. Lincoln loved the truth,
ALL. Each one learned this lesson
In his early youth.

CHORUS.

WASHINGTON BOYS. Washington we love thee.
LINCOLN BOYS. Lincoln we love thee,
ALL. Honored by our country
Both will ever be.

II.

WASHINGTON BOYS. Tall and strong and manly;
LINCOLN BOYS. Manly, tall and strong;
ALL. Both did duty noble,
Cheers to both belong.
WASHINGTON BOYS. Feared by treacherous Indians;
LINCOLN BOYS. Loved by every slave;
ALL. Both men to their country,
Loyal service gave.

CHORUS.

III.

WASHINGTON BOYS. Mourned by many thousands
From this world he went.
LINCOLN BOYS. Mourned by many thousands,—
Martyred president.

ALL We will sing their praises
With one heart and voice,
In our country's heroes,
We will all rejoice.

CHORUS.

All boys have gone back to group positions at sides of stage.

TO NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

1. Lincoln, the honest man, who, without personal ambition, always supported by a strong perception of his duties, deserved to be called emphatically a great citizen.—*Louis Phillipe, Duc d'Orleans.*

2. The past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand as Abraham Lincoln.—*Emilio Castelar.*

3. A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness for his enemies.—*U. S. Grant.*

4. Abraham Lincoln was worthy to be trusted and to be loved by all his countrymen.—*General Howard.*

5. His career teaches young men that every position of eminence is open before the diligent and worthy.—*Bishop Matthew Simpson.*

6. He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous.—*Alexander H. Stephens.*

7. A great man, tender of heart, strong of nerve, of boundless patience and broadest sympathy, with no motive apart from his country.—*Frederick Douglas.*

8. The life of Abraham Lincoln is written in imperishable characters in the history of the great American Republic.—*John Bright.*

9. By his fidelity to the True, the Right, the Good, he gained not only favor and applause, but what is better than all—Love. —*William Dean Howells.*

10. Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

DRILL OF THE PATRIOTS.

MUSIC: "Yankee Doodle." Washington Boys in single file with hatchets across shoulders march to stage front. Leader halts boys on long line facing audience and takes position in front of them. He gives following commands and his boys respond:

INDIAN ATTACK! Boys squat low; and, with hatchets raised out and high, creep entirely around stage, constantly alert and occasionally striking outward as if hitting some one with hatchet, then creeping on again until back to stage front. At stage front they stand with hatchets against shoulders.

CHERRY TREE CUT! Boys start off with jubilant air and slash right and left as if trying a new hatchet on a tree. They jump back as if getting out of way of a tree falling. Then all skip back to places on long line and grin at leader.

PREPARE FOR BATTLE! All stand at "Attention."

CAMPFIRES! March in two circles, one at each side of stage; line breaking at center and leading around by going toward back to make circles.

PITCH TENTS! Leaders at center lead way toward rear, march to front corners on diagonal lines. Turn and march toward center front.

PICKETS ON DUTY! One from each outside corner marches to back and front corners of stage and stands with hatchet against shoulder a moment, then marches back and forward on corners.

CARRY, ARMS! All hold hatchets against shoulders.

COMPANY, LOAD! Carry right foot to rear, left knee slightly bent. At same time hold hatchet as if about to load it. Carry right hand behind waist and keep it there long enough to open cartridge-box and take out cartridge; grasp handle of hatchet again. Whole effect is as if one held a gun and was loading it.

COMPANY, AIM! Raise hatchet with both hands and place end firmly against shoulder, left elbow down, right elbow high as shoulder, body inclined slightly forward. Drop head slightly on handle end, close left eye, look along top edge of hatchet as if sighting to take aim.

COMPANY, FIRE! Stamp right foot twice.

CARRY, ARMS!

COMPANY, LOAD!

COMPANY, AIM!

COMPANY, FIRE!

COMPANY, MARCH! Pickets return to line and leaders lead to former positions on stage.

MUSIC: "Our Emblem." Lincoln Boys carry large axes against shoulders, march to stage front in single file. Leader of line steps to front and gives commands:

SHARPEN AXES! Boys go through movements of turning grindstone and of sharpening axe, occasionally feeling edge of blade. Then go to place on line again.

CHOP RAILS! Boys go through movements of placing rail on block and of chopping rail.

BUILD FENCE! Boys go through movements of lifting rails and setting them up in fence form.

Repeat the above, "Sharpen Axes, etc."

BOYS, MARCH! March back to places at side of stage.

Washington Boys step forward in couples and facing audience recite:

> We are the boys of war;
> And we fought most brave and true.
> We won the freedom sought,
> By men of every hue.

Lincoln Boys step forward as Washington Boys march off stage and recite:

We are the boys of peace;
And we fought most brave and true
To keep the freedom won
By brave George Washington.

We set the black folks free,
Our Union did we save,
But many of our best men,
Sleep in a soldier's grave.

Hurrah for the soldier brave
Who freedom strove to save,
And for Lincoln brave and true
And for Washington, our father, too.

Lincoln Boys march off stage.

A TRUE AMERICAN.

POLITICAL PLAY IN FIVE SCENES FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

SCENE I.

CHARACTERS: DEMOCRAT.
REPUBLICAN.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
TIME: 1856.

DEM. Who is that tall, gawky, lanky looking object over yonder?

REP. That one? Why, that's Abraham Lincoln, "Honest Abe Lincoln," or "Old Honesty," as the boys call him.

DEM. [*sneeringly*]. Indeed! And, pray, what does he do?

REP. [*sarcastically*]. Well, in the first place, he is a Springfield lawyer—a shrewd, close reasoner; and, in the second place, he is a capital stump-speaker.

DEM. What—that? [*sneers.*]

REP. Yes "that," and he is even more. His ready wit, unfailing good humor, and the candor which gives him his character for honesty, have won for him the admiration and respect of all who have ever heard him. If you have never heard him, you have a great treat in store.

DEM. Oh, I've heard him [*disgustedly*], and he's a dangerous man, sir! A dangerous man, for he makes you believe what he says in spite of yourself. We'll have to shut him up very soon. He's too dangerous. [*Exit.*]

[LINCOLN *approaches* REPUBLICAN.]

LINCOLN. Oh, don't be discouraged, if we don't win the election this year. We can't carry Pennsylvania. Those people down there are too strong for us. We'll be defeated this time. But we shall, sooner or later, elect our President. I—feel—confident—of that.

REP. Do you really think we shall elect a Free-soil president in 1860?

LIN. I don't know. Everything depends upon the course of the Democracy. There's a big anti-slavery element in the Democratic party, and if we could get hold of that, we might possibly elect our man in 1860.

REP. Well, all we can do then is to stand by our party and fight to the bitter end.

[*Walks toward door, followed by* LINCOLN.]

LIN. You are right there. For a fight it will be and to the bitter—bitter end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CHARACTERS: REPUBLICANS.
DEMOCRATS.
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.
SCENE: White House corridor.
TIME: 1861.

DEM. Hello, Repub. How'dy! "Honest Abe," as you called him, won the race and surprised everyone. How proud you must

be of your selection. Such a distinguished looking president! [*Sneers.*] Such a credit to your party, I'm sure.

REP. [*indignantly*]. You needn't sneer at his looks. To be sure, he's not handsome, but we know one thing about him, and that is *that—he—is—honest.*

DEM. Do you question our leader's honesty?

REP. Oh, no, I would never do that. [*Sarcastically.*] I simply stated what everybody knows that [*emphatically*] *Abe—Lincoln—is—an—honest—man.*

DEM. Well, that's all the good you can possibly say about him. Just look at his clothes! Look at his manners! Look at his gloveless hands! Does his honesty cover all that? Is he a gentleman? [*Sneers.*] Drinks milk or water at dinner. Does he ever touch wine? Oh, no. And such a man is President of the United States. His simplicity is too rural. It is disgusting to all *gentlemen.*

REP. If his "simplicity" is disgusting to all *gentlemen,* it most certainly is not *to all—men.* What if his hands are ungloved? Are they not always clean? And what if his clothes are very plain, are they not always neat? "His simplicity," as you call it —his simple-hearted manners make a deep impression on all that meet him. I have known women so touched by his sad face and his gentle bearing as to go away in tears. *He—is—simple. He is a man—a true gentleman.*

DEM. Oh, puff away about "Honest Abe," you'll not puff long. We'll oust him soon. You see if we don't. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* LINCOLN. *Sees* REPUBLICAN.]

LIN. What! You here? This is indeed a pleasant surprise. Come right along and sit down. [*Sits.*] Well, we did win after all.

[*Enter three men. Not seeing* LINCOLN, *they talk softly; one uses profane language in loud tone.* LINCOLN *hears it, rises suddenly, looks surprisedly at swearer and exclaims indignantly*:]

LIN. I thought that man was a gentleman. I was mistaken.

There is the door [*pointing*], and I wish you good-night.

[*Exeunt the three men.* LINCOLN *seats himself and goes on talking. Enter two men; they do not see* LINCOLN*; they talk.*]

ANOTHER DEM. Abe Lincoln is a fool. Anyone can hoodwink him. He is one big piece of simplicity. You Republicans might have tried a little harder. [*Sneeringly.*]

ANOTHER REP. Don't you dare call Abraham Lincoln a fool. There is no more sensible man in the United States than "Honest Abe" and *you'll* find it out before you are many days older. You'll learn one lesson soon. Beneath that quietness and simplicity is *fire! Fire unquenchable!* It awaits but the right moment to blaze forth in full flame. Take my advice, and don't brag so much. Say less and do more.

[*Walks toward door while talking. Both exeunt.*]

LIN. Did you hear what they said? I hear such talk daily. Can you wonder any longer at my sorrowful face? My burden seems more than I can bear at times, and yet I must move forward, in spite of talk, and act as my conscience dictates. Next week there will be a howl among those Democrats when they hear my proclamation. The shock will take them centuries to recover from. But not another word. I've said enough already. You'll keep quiet.

REP. Oh, yes. You can trust me. [*Exit* LINCOLN.] Poor man, the whole North sorrows with him. What will the outcome be? [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

CHARACTERS: DEMOCRAT, REPUBLICAN, 5 DEMOCRATS, 4 REPUBLICANS.

SCENE: Street in Washington near Capitol.

TIME: Latter part of 1862.

FIRST DEM. [*to five Democrats*]. Say men, have you heard Lincoln's proclamation? It means ruin—absolute ruin to the South. What shall we do? I really feel desperate, for if that

proclamation goes into effect on January 1, 1863, I shall not have one penny left.

FIVE DEM. Nor I, either. What can we do to stop it?

FIRST DEM. Oh, I don't know. I'm just about crazy.

FIVE DEM. The Republicans have much to answer for. Their President, that "Honest Abe," by declaring the slaves free, has taken away our most valuable property, and we are poor indeed.

SECOND DEM. I don't know what I'm going to do to get a living for my family. I never have worked, and it's rather late in life to begin.

THIRD DEM. Oh, I realize all that too, and I have suffered much at the thought of work. To think that I should ever have to come to that. I'll have to do it. I'm sure of that, for all my money was invested in slaves, and I don't know where I can get a cent from. It will be work or starve now.

FIRST DEM. If ever a man feels like doing a desperate act, I do. Come, let's go. Here come some of those triumphant Republicans. Let's get out of sight before they can see how we *men* suffer. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter four Republicans, who talk together quietly, looking very happy. They walk across stage and out.*]

SCENE IV.

CHARACTERS: REPUBLICANS.
DEMOCRAT.
SCENE: On street near White House.
TIME: 1864.

REP. What, you again! This is pleasant. I suppose you were anxious to meet me so as to congratulate our party on Lincoln's re-election! Oh, no! I forgot you—you said you would oust him before long. [*Sarcastically.*] You may succeed next time. You don't look as though you relished your defeat. How did you like Abe's Proclamation?

DEM. [*angrily*]. Don't talk to me about that Proclamation. Don't tread on dangerous ground. Your party has done its worst.

You can do no more. We can act now and *we will.* [*Sneers.*] *Your President* a slave-lover! Make negroes *your equal!* A—fine —President—for our country. He's done for! Mark my words!

REP. Is that so? Why, he's just on the highest round of the ladder, and can go no higher, except to heaven.

DEM. Oh, he may reach that—or the other place, sooner than he expects.

REP. [*moving toward exit with* DEMOCRAT]. Oh, I don't believe that. He has a long life before him yet, and intends, when this term has expired, to visit Europe. [*Both exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

CHARACTERS: SIX OR MORE MEN.
DEMOCRAT.
REPUBLICAN.

SCENE: Group of men standing near corner talking excitedly in low tone. Enter REPUBLICAN from one side of stage. Enter DEMOCRAT from other side.

TIME: 1865—day after Lincoln's assassination.

REP. [*to* DEMOCRAT]. Lincoln assassinated! Can it be that you meant that when you said his life would not be long? Oh, surely, your party never contemplated assassination!

DEM. No, they never did. It's awful—this assassination. It means utter ruin to the South—to the Democrats. Do people lay it to our door? Oh, I hope not. That would be terrible.

REP. It's hard to say where to lay it. Whoever planned it was a coward—a dastard. The killing of Lincoln is your ruin. It was the worst thing that could have been done. Where will the South be now?

DEM. Don't sneer, for God's sake. Whatever the South has done in the past it has felt justified in doing; but that awful crime —oh, we are lost, indeed.

REP. Do you think the South was justified in making men slaves? Do you not consider the keeping of men in bondage a wrong?

DEM. No, I do not consider the keeping of slaves wrong. The blacks were intended to be slaves.

REP. Never! Never! Monstrous! Slavery is the foulest stigma on our national escutcheon, which no true-hearted freeman could ever contemplate without sorrow in his heart and a blush upon his cheek. The continuation of slavery meant destruction of the American Union. Thank God! Slavery is in the grave, and there is no power that can ever bring it back. Thank God that the day has arrived when we can look to the future for the Divine blessing upon our whole country and people. Thank God that He gave to us such a President. The whole world will yet ring with his praises—praises for a true American.

CROWN FOR LINCOLN.

FOR FOUR OF ANY MULTIPLE OF FOUR PUPILS.

EVERY pupil carries laurel-wreath. On stage center, facing audience, is bust or picture of Lincoln.

Pupils enter singing to tune "America," and walk to positions around bust of picture:

We come, with hearts so true,
Our tributes to renew
To Lincoln dear;
His life we emulate,
We'll crown him good and great.
Each year we'll celebrate,
His birthday dear.

Four pupils step forward with wreaths held toward audience, recite following stanza, and hang wreaths on bust or portrait:

O Lincoln! Great, wise, and good,
Our gratitude to thee is due;
A man now loved and understood,
As just, and loyal, and all true.

Four more pupils step forward, crowning Lincoln's bust or portrait after they have recited:

Struggling, striving, pushing onward,
Ever doing what seemed best;
Guiding, guarding, saving Union,
Peace, and love, and rest.

Four more pupils step forward, crowning Lincoln's bust or portrait after they have recited:

So, dear Lincoln we do crown thee,
With our laurel-wreaths so fair;
May thy name forever lead me,
Love for you always to declare.

All pupils now stand facing audience, reciting, the whole school joining in:

Ever and ever shall we him love—
His glorious deeds, his life, his fame;
Ever and ever our voices shall ring,
With praise of dear old Lincoln's name.

ACROSTIC.

HARTIE I. PHILLIPS.

A midst the humblest of surroundings, on a February morn,
B eneath the shelter of a rude hut, a true hero was born:
R emembrance of that cabin home will ever live in fame,
A nd Kentucky—birthplace—honored by Abraham Lincoln's name.
H ardships plenty him surrounded in his early years of toil,
A nd as farmer, then surveyor, still self-education's call,
M ade ambition his true watchword, and success, at last, befall.

L ike all great men, his mother's name he ever held most dear,
I n revering her example, he saw his duty clear.
N ever faltering, in troublous times as president we see,
C almly and clearly stating, "No more slavery shall there be,"
O ur Country reunited, floats the true flag of the free.
L et us with bowed heads arise—this toast let us give,
N oble Abraham Lincoln, may his memory ever live.

QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN.

Give the boys a chance.

The Union must be preserved.

Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.

I say "try," for if we never try, we never succeed.

It is best not to swap horses in the middle of a stream.

All that I am and all I hope to be I owe to my mother.

As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time.

When you can't remove an obstacle, *plough around it!*

Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe.

Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.

Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

God must like common people, or He would not have made so many.

Have confidence in yourself, a valuable if not indispensable quality.

For thirty years I have been a temperance man, and I am too old to change.

Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality.

Never be sorry for what you don't write; it is the things you do write that you are usually sorry for.

I have changed my mind. I don't think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself.

People who tell what they do not know to be true, falsify as much as those who knowingly tell falsehoods.

If I live, this accursed system of robbery and shame in our treatment of the Indians shall be reformed.

In law, it is good policy never to plead what you need not, lest you oblige yourself to prove what you can not.

Public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed.—*1858.*

Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the government practically just so much.

Judge Lynch sometimes takes jurisdiction of cases which prove too strong for the courts.

No party can be justly held responsible for what individual members of it may say or do.

A man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him.

If our sense of duty forbids slavery, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly, and effectively.

No duty is more imperative on the government than that of furnishing the people a sound and uniform currency.

If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow citizens, you can never regain their respect and esteem.

In giving freedom to the slaves, we assure freedom to the free; honorable alike in what we give and in what we preserve.

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it.

When it comes to a question between a man and a dollar, I am on the side of the man every time.

If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend.—*1842.*

The pioneer in any movement is not generally the best man to bring that movement to a successful issue.

When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, better let him run.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

Better give your path to the dog—even killing the dog would not cure the bite.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody is hindering him.

Whenever I hear any one arguing for slavery, I feel a strong impulse to see it tried on him personally.—*1865.*

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail accurately to perceive them in advance.

Reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all evils among mankind.

I know that the Lord is always on the side of right; but it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side.

If this country cannot be saved without giving up the principles of Liberty, I was about to say that I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.

History through the centuries has been teaching us that might makes right. Let it be our mission in this nineteenth century to reverse the maxim and to declare that right makes might.

How willingly would I exchange places to-day with the soldier who sleeps on the ground in the Army of the Potomac!—*On receiving bad news from the army.*

Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our difficulties.

Public opinion on any subject always has a "central idea." That central idea in our political public opinion at the beginning was "the equality of men."

The one great living principle of all democratic government is that the representative is bound to carry out the known will of his constituents.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have.

The people are the rightful masters of both Congress and the courts—not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert it.

It is with you, the people, to advance the great cause of the Union and the Constitution, and not with any one man. It rests with you alone.

Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed first. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much higher consideration.

Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in a bond of fraternal feeling.

Having chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.—*Message to Congress.*

To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color, and for no offense against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.

You may fool all of the people some of the time; you can fool some of the people all of the time; but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

Of the people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said: "The gates of hell cannot prevail against them."

The work of the Plymouth emigrants was the glory of their age. While we reverence their memory, let us not forget how vastly greater is our opportunity.

He who moulds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions, for he makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed.

When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government, that is despotism.

Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her.—*1839.*

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned.

I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, mauling rails, at work on a flatboat—just what might happen to any poor man's son. I want every man to have a chance.

When the time comes, I shall speak, as well as I am able, for the good of the present and the future of this country, for the good of both the North and the South of the country, for the good of the one and the other, and of all sections of the country.

The United States government must not undertake to run the churches. When an individual in a church or out of it becomes dangerous to the public interest, he must be checked; but let the churches, as such, take care of themselves.

There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law. Among free men there can be no appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the costs.

As the patriot of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American, every lover of liberty, pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor.

I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this office, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is stronger and wiser than all others.

My hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable foundation, the justness and goodness of God; and, when events are very threatening and prospects are very dark, I still hope in some way, which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, because our cause is just and God is on our side.

By a course of reasoning Euclid proves that all the angles in a triangle are equal to two right angles. Now, if you undertook to disprove that proposition would you prove it false by calling Euclid a liar?

Each additional star added to that flag has given additional prosperity and happiness to this country, until it has advanced to its present condition; and its welfare in the future, as well as in the past, is in your hands.

That every man may receive at least a moderate education, and thereby be enabled to read the histories of his own and other countries, by which he may duly appreciate the value of our free institutions, appears to be an object of vital importance.

That portion of the earth's surface which is owned and inhabited by the people of the United States is well adapted to the home of one national family, and it is not well adapted for two or more. —*Message to Congress, December 1, 1862.*

I admonish you not to be turned from your stern purpose of defending our beloved country and its free institutions by any arguments urged by ambitious and designing men, but stand fast to this Union and the old flag.

Posterity has done nothing for us; and, theorize on it as we may, practically we shall do very little for it, unless we are made to think we are at the same time doing something for ourselves. —*1842.*

The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. God bless the women of America.

If the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the supreme court, the instant they are made the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned the government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.

I congratulate you and the country, upon the spectacle of devoted unanimity presented by the people at home, the citizens that form our marching columns, and the citizens that fill our squadrons on the sea, all animated by the same determination to complete the work our fathers began and transmitted.—*1864.*

I have made it plain that I think the negro is included in the "men" used in the Declaration of Independence. I believe the declaration that "all men are created equal" is the great fundamental principle on which our free institutions rest; that negro slavery is violative of that principle.—*1858.*

This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, but the most heavily upon the soldiers. For it has been said, "All that a man hath will he give for his life"; and, while all contribute of their substance, the soldier puts his life at stake, and often yields it up in his country's cause. The highest merit, then, is due the soldiers.—*1864.*

In this extraordinary war extraordinary developments have manifested themselves such as have not been seen in former wars; and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families, and the chief agents in these fairs are the women of America.

These men well know that I am for freedom in the territories, freedom everywhere, so far as the Constitution and laws will permit, and my opponents are for slavery. They know this, and yet with this Book [New Testament] in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I am nothing, but the truth is everything. I know I am right, for I know liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God.—*From Lincoln's protest against opposition of certain clergymen to his candidacy for President.*

STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN.

HELPING THE MOTHER-BIRD.

FRANK E. CHANNON.

IT was early spring. Dark, threatening clouds hung low; a clatter of horse's hoofs on the muddy road, and around a bend swept a cavalcade of eight or nine men—lawyers on the regular circuit, intent on gaining shelter before the storm came upon them.

A bird, with cry of distress, arose upon the wings of the storm, turned again and beat up in face of the wind, uttering piteous cries.

The horsemen paid no attention to the frenzied bird. Yet, stay! One man did. The tall, lanky man who rode the big bay suddenly checked his horse. His gaze was directed to where the bird had alighted, and was now frantically fluttering around.

"Come along, Abe," shouted his companions. "What are you stopping for?"

"Go ahead, I'll join you soon," came back the reply from the horseman, who dismounted, leaped over the fence and commenced to search. At length he leaned over and picked up, carefully, a bird's nest. With the tenderness of a woman, he carried it to a tree, where he found for it a snug repose, protected from the searching wind. Then he retraced his steps and, searching about, picked up five newly-hatched, featherless birds. He placed them lovingly in the nest and watched with satisfaction, unmindful of the storm, the mother-bird fly quickly to them and spread her wings over them to protect them from the fury of the wind. Then he mounted his horse and galloped after his companions.

The rider was drenched to the skin. Loud and long laughed his companions as he lounged around in his little bedroom, waiting for his suit to be dried in front of the kitchen fire.

"Abe Lincoln, you *are* a soft one," they laughingly exclaimed.

"I can't help that," retorted the man with the big heart. "I just *had* to stop. I would not have been able to sleep to-night or to fix my mind upon my cases to-morrow for thinking of the distress of that poor mother-bird."

CABINET AND EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

McCLELLAN had beaten Lee at Antietam. Washington was in wild jubilation. Cannons crashed; soldiers shouted; bugles sounded; flags fluttered; people rushed up and down the avenues in wild joy. Members of the Cabinet hurried to the White House. They, excited and expectant, waited and waited—Lincoln was long in coming. Minute followed minute. They could wait no longer. Something had to be done.

Suddenly in the stillness came the old, familiar, slow steps, and in slouched the strange figure they knew so well. Queer mortal this—six feet four of blackness—wrapped in a shawl and topped by a stovepipe hat that had seen better days.

He said: "Good morning."

And then he slowly drew out a little book and settled back comfortably in his chair.

"Have you ever read," he began, slowly, "'High-Handed Outrage at Utica,' by Artemus Ward?"

The men of his Cabinet gasped.

And then he read, in the drollest way, a page of nonsense. When he stopped, these staid history-making men were rocking and swaying in convulsive laughter. All save Stanton. He rose. He burst out vehemently:

"Mr. President—this is a solemn occasion! We cannot afford to laugh! Why do you laugh?"

Lincoln's face changed.

"I laugh because I must not cry!—that's all—that's all!"

Those men understood in a flash. They said nothing more. Lincoln's face seemed to grow old and white. His trembling hand drew forth a scrawled-up paper. He spoke slowly, distinctly, in a quiet voice:

"At our last meeting we delayed the Proclamation to wait for a better time. I made up my mind that when the rebel army was driven from Maryland I would issue it. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself, and—to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out. I am going to keep my promise."

In the hush that followed, those men realized it all. The great deed was done. They were not even consulted. They felt their own nothingness before this tremendous soul—this common American.

"Yes," he went on, "I know I'm not the best man for the position I hold—yet—I'm in that position. Perhaps I have lost some of the confidence of the people—yet whom could I put in my place whom the people trust more? I am here. I must do the best I can and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take! I do this without consulting you on the main point. I cannot. You understand."

They did. There was a terrible silence; they knew that the words he was about to read would on the morrow be flashed around the world, a lightning-stroke of divine hope to enslaved humanity, a flame, a torch to all the peoples, a new Declaration of Independence, a new America. Henceforth the world would be a step further on than before—one step nearer the divine event —one step nearer God. Lincoln had become the great liberator. They never forgot his face as it was that moment—America looking through his eyes, speaking through his lips:

"On the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State . . . then in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free . . ."

HOW LINCOLN'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

AUSTIN GOLLAHER.

YES, the story that I once saved Abraham Lincoln's life is true. He and I had been going to school together for a year or more, and had become greatly attached to each other. Then school disbanded on account of there being so few scholars, and we did not see each other much for a long while. One Sunday my mother visited the Lincolns, and I was taken along. Abe and I played around all day. Finally, we concluded to cross the creek to hunt for some partridges young Lincoln had seen the day before. The creek was swollen by a recent rain, and, in crossing on the narrow footlog, Abe fell in. Neither of us could swim. I got a long pole and held it out to Abe, who grabbed it. Then I pulled him ashore. He was almost dead, and I was badly scared. I rolled and pounded him in good earnest. Then I got him by the arms and shook him, the water meanwhile pouring out of his mouth. By this means I succeeded in bringing him to, and he was soon all right. Then a new difficulty confronted us. If our mothers discovered our wet clothes they would whip us. This we dreaded from experience, and determined to avoid. It was June, the sun was very warm, and we soon dried our clothing by spreading it on the rocks about us. We promised never to tell the story, and I never did until after Lincoln's tragic end.

LINCOLN'S ARRIVAL IN SPRINGFIELD.

JOSHUA SPEED.

LINCOLN had ridden into town on a borrowed horse, with no property save a pair of saddle-bags containing a few clothes. I was a merchant at Springfield, and kept country store, embracing dry-goods, groceries, hardware, books, medicines, bedclothes, mattresses—in fact, everything that the country needed.

Lincoln came into the store with his saddle-bags on his arm. He said he wanted to buy furniture for a single bed. Mattress, blankets, sheets, coverlid, and pillow would cost seventeen dollars. He said that perhaps that was cheap enough; but, small as the price was, he was unable to pay it. But if I would credit him till Christmas, and his experiment as a lawyer was a success, he would pay then; saying in the saddest tone, "If I fail in this I do not know that I can ever pay you." As I looked up at him I thought then, and I think now, that I never saw a sadder face. I said to him: "You seem to be so much pained at contracting so small a debt, I think I can suggest a plan by which you can avoid the debt, and at the same time attain your end. I have a large room with a double bed upstairs, which you are very welcome to share with me." "Where is your room?" said he. "Upstairs," said I. He took his saddle-bags on his arm, went upstairs, set them on the floor, and came down with the most changed expression. Beaming with pleasure, he exclaimed: "Well, Speed, I am moved."

PROPER LENGTH OF A MAN'S LEGS.

FRIENDS were gossiping in Lincoln's presence upon what they considered the proper length of a man's legs, and finally appealed to him.

"Abe, what do you think about it?"

Lincoln had a far-away look, as he sat with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question.

"Think about what?"

"Well, we're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. We think yours are too long and Douglas's too short, and we would like to know what you think is the proper length?"

"Well," said Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thought to, so, of course, I may be mistaken; but my first impression is that a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

VISIT TO THE FIVE POINTS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

[Lincoln's first visit to New York was in February, 1860. An account of his visit to the Five Points Sunday School is told, first, in his own words, and, secondly, in the words of the Superintendent of the Sunday School. Five Points at that time was considered the most squalid and criminal part of New York, and was one of the "sights" of the city for visitors.]

I.—LINCOLN'S ACCOUNT.

WHEN Sunday came I didn't know exactly what to do. Washburne proposed to take me to the Five Points Sunday School. I was very much interested by what I saw. Presently, Mr. Pease, the superintendent, came up and wanted us to speak. Washburne spoke, and then I was urged to speak. I told them I did not know anything about talking to Sunday Schools, but Mr. Pease said many of the children were friendless and homeless. I thought of the time when I had been pinched by terrible poverty. And so I told them that I had been poor; that I remembered when my toes stuck out through my broken shoes in winter; when my arms were out at the elbows; when I shivered with the cold. And I told them there was only one rule: That was, always do the very best you can. I told them that I had always tried to do the very best I could, and that, if they would follow that rule, they would get along somehow. And when the school was dismissed, the teachers came up and shook hands with me, and thanked me.

II.—SUPERINTENDENT'S ACCOUNT.

One Sunday morning I saw a tall, remarkable-looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance expressed such genuine interest that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure; and, coming forward, began a simple address which at once fascinated every little hearer, and hushed

the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intense feeling. The little faces would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout, "Go on! Oh, do go on!" would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt, sinewy frame of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him, and while he was quietly leaving the room I begged to know his name. He courteously replied: "It is Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois."

PERSONALITY OF LINCOLN.

ISAAC N. ARNOLD.

IN any courtroom in the United States, Lincoln would have been instantly picked out as a Western man. His stature, figure, dress, manner, voice, and accent indicated that he was of the Northwest. In manner, he was always cordial and frank, and although not without dignity, he made every person feel quite at his ease. I think the first impression a stranger would get of him, whether in conversation or by hearing him speak, was that here was a kind, frank, sincere, genuine man of transparent truthfulness and integrity; and before Lincoln had uttered many words, he would be impressed with his clear, good sense, his remarkably simple, homely but expressive Saxon language, and next by his wonderful wit and humor. Lincoln was more familiar with the Bible than any other book in the language; and this was apparent both from his style and illustrations, so often taken from that book. He verified the maxim that it is better to know thoroughly a few good books than to read many.

LINCOLN'S STORIES IN COURT.

THE following is told by a court-clerk in Lincoln's day: "I was never fined but once for contempt of court. Judge David Davis fined me $5. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The judge called me to order in haste, saying, 'This must be stopped. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me, 'You may fine yourself five dollars for your disturbance.' I apologized, but told the judge that the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the judge called me to him. 'What was the story Lincoln told you?' he asked. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered."

CARRYING A GIRL'S TRUNK.

LINCOLN, while member of Congress, was going down the street in Springfield, Ill., one morning, when he saw a little girl standing at the gate with her hat and gloves on, as if ready for a journey, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired Lincoln. She poured her broken little heart out to him, telling how she had arranged to take her first trip on the cars that day, and the expressman had failed to come for her trunk, and she was going to miss the train.

"How big is the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big."

She took him to her room, where her little, old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. "Oh!" he cried, "wipe your eyes and come on quick." And before she knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him. The little girl trotted behind him, drying her tears as she went. They reached the station in time.

LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE HORSE.

MARY K. HYDE.

ONE June morning in 1862 there was great excitement in the Seventy-first Regiment as it lay encamped about seven or eight miles out from Washington. Every soldier was dressed in his best uniform, all the camp was spick-and-span, and there was a general air of waiting-for-company about everything.

For the President was coming. The colonel always waited impressively after that statement, as he seemed to feel the same thrill that stirred the regiment on that memorable occasion so many years ago.

Word had been received the night before that the President would be out in the morning to review the troops. We had not seen him for nearly a year. At that time, for three months we had been stationed at the Navy Yard, and the President had driven down about every evening to dress parade. Indeed, some of the other regiments grew a bit jealous and dubbed us 'Lincoln's pets,' especially after we had been chosen as his guard of honor upon one occasion.

However, we had been called to the front and had been engaged in some hard fighting, and had now been sent back to help guard the city of Washington.

We were all on the alert when we saw four carriages drive into the field. The regiment was at once assembled for regular review. The persons in the carriages alighted. The tall man in the tall hat, whom we recognized the length of the field, started down toward us. Some one called to him and he turned back. There seemed to be an excited discussion. Lincoln shook his head at first, then laughed and nodded and evidently agreed to do what had been suggested.

The colonel called up two men who hurried off. In a short time they came back, leading the funniest little yellow horse you ever saw. It wasn't bigger than a pony.

The President laughed heartily when the little horse appeared. There was no question of mounting the animal. All the President had to do was to swing one of his long legs over the beast's back, and there he was, sitting astride, his feet nearly touching the ground. The stirrups hung loosely by the horse's side, useless to its present rider.

And so the President rode the length of the line, astride the little horse, his legs dangling, his trousers pulled up several inches, showing his white stockings above his shoe-tops.

He couldn't help laughing, and neither could we. But he took off his hat and rode along with as much dignity as he could assume in such a grotesque position.

Then the band started to play 'Hail to the Chief.' The band was really only a drum-corps with one trumpeter, but they were determined to do their best.

Trrrr-at, tat-ta-tat, tat-ta-tat—rattled the drums.

Toot, too-toot-toot, too-too-toot—blew the trumpet.

Then all of a sudden, toot-too-too-toot, sque-e-e— and the trumpet busted, and the drums rattled on through the rest of the tune accompanied only by the laughter of the men who could not restrain themselves however hard they tried.

The President laughed, too, for you know he had a keen sense of fun, and altogether his efforts and ours to be polite and dignified seemed to be upset that day.

After Mr. Lincoln had ridden the length of the line, he passed around to the rear, while the regiment countermarched and passed in review before him. Then, getting down off that silly little horse, the great and good man whom we all loved and honored, walked over to us and went down the line shaking hands with each of us seven hundred men.

I shall never forget the beautiful smile lighting up his plain features, nor the sweet voice—the sweetest I have ever heard—nor the look of gentle sadness that came over his face repeatedly as the tears would spring to his eyes. He wanted to cheer us up and make us happy by his visit and by his personal greeting to

each man of us. But he could never seem to shake off the feeling of responsibility for sending thousands of men to face death.

When he entered his carriage again and drove away, the regiment cheered three times three and the tiger:

Hur-rah!
Hur-rah!
Hur-rah!
Tiger!

and he rode away bareheaded.

LINCOLN AND HIS CHILDREN.

JAMES MORGAN.

CHILDREN liked Lincoln. His four children were all boys. Their shouts at play were the only notes of joy that came to the ears of their care-burdened father. Their voices, however loud, did not annoy him, and he never seemed to be impatient of their intrusions upon him, no matter how grave might be the business which he had in hand. Often he went out into the grounds and joined in their games, regardless of his dignity and the amazement of the lookers-on. Sometimes he played ball with them and their playmates, running the bases with his long legs as if he had no other purpose in life.

Willie died in Washington and his body was taken from Washington, months afterward, to Springfield, Ill., in the same funeral procession with his father's body. After Willie's death, little Tad received a double share of his father's affection. Generally they slept together, and no time or place was sacred from the boy. He was free to interrupt his father on any occasion and crawl over him even at a meeting of the Cabinet. The President liked to go through picture-books with him, and laughed carelessly when teachers or tutors complained that he did not pay enough attention to his school books.

LEW WALLACE AT THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE.

[General Wallace, who went to the debate strongly prepossessed in favor of Douglas, describes Lincoln's personality and oratory as follows:]

PRESENTLY there was a commotion in the crowd, and a general looking that way, and Mr. Lincoln mounted the steps. He paused on the platform, and took a look over the crowd and into the countenances near by, and there was a smile on his lips and a whole world of kindness in his eyes. The thin neck craned out over his sweat-wilted shirt-collar while he bowed to acquaintances. Mr. Douglas's suit had come from an accomplished tailor; Mr. Lincoln's spoke a slop-shop. The multitude impressed me as the most undemonstrative of all I had ever seen on a political occasion. Every man of them, however, was palpitating with an anxiety too great for noise.

Mr. Lincoln arose, straightening himself as well as he could. But for the benignant eyes, a more unattractive man I had never seen thus the center of regard by so many people. His voice was clear without being strong. He was easy and perfectly self-possessed. The great audience received him in utter silence.

I confess I inwardly laughed at him; only the laugh was quite as much at the political manager who had led him out against Mr. Douglas. Nevertheless I gave him attention. Ten minutes—I quit laughing. He was getting hold of me. The pleasantry, the sincerity, the confidence, the amazingly original way of putting things, and the simple, unrestrained manner withal, were doing their perfect work; and then and there I dropped an old theory, that to be a speaker one must needs be graceful and handsome. Twenty minutes—I was listening breathlessly.

Thirty minutes—the house divided against itself was looming up more than a figure of speech. My God, could it be prophetic! An hour—the limit of the speech. Mr. Lincoln took his seat. How many souls sat down with him—that is, how many of the unbelieving like myself were converted to his thinking—I could not know.

AS ORATOR.

HORACE WHITE.

AT first glance Lincoln's appearance was not attractive. He was tall, bony, angular, and destitute of all the graces except a winning cast of countenance with which he greeted all comers; but that counted for much. Kindness and honesty beamed from his eyes and from every wrinkle on his face.

It was a warmish day in early October and Mr. Lincoln was in his shirt-sleeves when he stepped on the platform. I observed that, although awkward, he was not in the least embarrassed. He began in a slow and hesitating manner, but without any mistakes of language, dates, or facts. It was evident that he had mastered his subject, that he knew what he was going to say, and that he knew he was right. He had a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice of much carrying-power, that could be heard a long distance in spite of the bustle and tumult of a crowd. He had the accent and pronunciation peculiar to his native state, Kentucky. Gradually he warmed up with his subject, his angularity disappeared, and he passed into an attitude of unconscious majesty.

Progressing with his theme, his words began to come faster and his face to light up with the rays of genius, and his arms and body to move in unison with his thoughts. His gestures would not be called either graceful or ungraceful. They were the natural expression of the man, and so perfectly adapted to what he was saying that anything different from it would have been quite inconceivable. Sometimes his manner was very impassioned, and he seemed transfigured with his subject. Perspiration would stream from his face, and each particular hair would stand on end. Then the inspiration that possessed him took possession of his hearers also. His speaking went to the heart because it came from the heart. I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type which produced conviction in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself.

TAD LINCOLN AND THE STREET URCHINS.

BOTH the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street-urchins to be fed," and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad was much aggrieved, ran upstairs to see his mother himself; and, on finding her out, searched the place for his busy father. Meanwhile, the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to let them "step inside." The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard with head bowed, his eyes to the ground, talking earnestly to Mr. Seward, as they walked to the Department of State together. He cried out to him at once:

"Father, father! Can't I bring those poor, cold, hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen?"

By this time Tad had his father by the hand. The President stopped to listen to the frantic appeal.

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner to-day, say? They're just as hungry as bears, and two of 'em are boys of a soldier, too; and, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute if he don't get out the meat and chickens and pies and all the things we had left yesterday. Say, mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen, father?"

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle. "Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy."

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the Government into debt, and the President took Tad's little brown hands in his own big one, and with a droll smile bid him to "run along home and feed the boys," and added:

"Tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is."

Soon ten small boys were with Tad, cracking nuts and having a "state dinner."

SHORT ANECDOTES ABOUT LINCOLN.

THE following shows Lincoln's quaint diplomatic tact: During the war John Ganson of Buffalo was a member of Congress. His face and his head were hairless and polished like a billiard-ball. He was a Democrat, but supported the President. The conditions of the army were very blue in the east and in the west. Ganson came in one day and said: "Mr. President, I am risking my re-election in supporting your war-measures. The campaign seems very unsatisfactory. Of course, I will not give out anything you tell me. What is the situation at the front?" Mr. Lincoln, in his searching and sad way, looked at him for a moment as if he was about to reveal the secret of the whole army, and then tumbled Ganson out of the reception-room by saying: "Ganson, how clean you shave."

While Mr. Lincoln was practising law in Springfield he received a letter from New York asking about the financial standing of a brother lawyer. He wrote: "I know the gentleman of whom you inquire. He has a wife and baby that ought to be worth fifty thousand dollars to any one; a table for his books and papers worth one dollar and fifty cents, and a big rat-hole in the corner of his office that is worth looking into."

Not long after his election to the presidency, Lincoln received a letter from a little girl living in New York. She told him that she had seen his picture and that she thought "he would be a better looking man if he would let his beard grow." Shortly after, when Lincoln was making a speech in New York, he made a reference to this letter and asked if the little girl was present. This proved to be the case and Lincoln, calling her to him, took her up in his arms and kissed her. Then, turning to his audience, he said that he meant always to let his beard grow, and he kept his word as long as he lived.

One day a delegation called at the White House to ask for the appointment of a certain gentleman as commissioner to the Sand-

wich Islands. Besides the man's fitness for the place, they urged that he was in ill-health and that the warm climate would be a great benefit to him. "Gentlemen," replied the President, "I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."

In the Black Hawk War, Lincoln, then a raw young Westerner, had command of a company. Once, when they were marching across a field, the men came to a gate and were obliged to stop. Lincoln's knowledge of tactics was rather limited and he could not think of the proper command for getting a company endwise in order that they might pass through the gate. So he shouted: "This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!"

William D. Somers, an Illinois lawyer, tells the following story: In 1855, George High was in jail for horse-stealing. He asked me to get Lincoln to aid in his defence. When Lincoln came, as was his custom, to attend court, I went with him to consult our client. We found his wife with him in the jail. After consulting about the matter of the defence, the subject of our fee came up, when High said he had but $10, which he handed to Lincoln. Lincoln, seeing from the condition of the wife that she would soon need pecuniary assistance, asked High: "How about your wife, will she not need this?" He was answered that she would get along somehow. Lincoln then gave her $5 of the money, and divided the balance between himself and me, $2.50 to each.

I dropped in upon Mr. Lincoln and found him counting greenbacks. "This, sir," said he, "is something out of my usual line; but a President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or Acts of Congress. This is one of them. This money belongs to a poor negro, a porter in the Treasury Department, and who is in the hospital, sick with the small-pox. I have been at considerable trouble to get it for him. I am now dividing the money, and putting by a portion, labelled, in an envelope, according to his wish."

As a volunteer company was being drilled, the lieutenant said: "Now, I will teach you the manner of surrendering arms; so, in case you ever have to do it, you will know how to do it gracefully." Mr. Lincoln, standing near, interrupted: "Hold on! Lieutenant, I'll teach them myself." He snatched a musket from a soldier, raised it to his shoulder a moment, as if in the act of firing upon an enemy; then letting it drop from his hand, he staggered forward and fell with the musket beneath him, as if shot through the heart. Springing up again, he cried: "That's the way to surrender arms!"

When Lincoln was about thirty years of age he volunteered to defend fifteen women who had "smashed" a wine parlor, and in his speech said: "May it please the court, I will say a few words in behalf of the women who are arraigned before your honor and the jury. I first suggest that there be a change in the indictment, so as to have it read, 'The State against Mr. Whisky,' instead of 'The State against the women.' The man who has persisted in selling whisky had no regard for their well-being or the well-being of their husbands and sons. He has no fear for God nor for man, neither has he had any regard for the laws of the State. His groggery has been a nuisance. These women, finding all moral suasion of no avail, with this fellow oblivious to all tender appeals, alike regardless of their prayers and tears, in order to protect their households and promote the welfare of the community, united to suppress the nuisance. The good of society demanded it suppressed."

Lincoln's son Robert declares: "Father never used liquor or tobacco in any form. He preached to his boys: 'Don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat. Love your fellowmen and love God. Love truth, love virtue, and be happy.'"

Lincoln received about one year of schooling, after his mother had taught him to read. He borrowed a Shakespeare and spent his spare moments in copying passages on boards with a piece of

charcoal. Later he bought a copybook and copied the quotations into it. This habit of writing down what pleased him remained through life. By the time he was of age he could repeat several plays of Shakespeare, and knew the Bible more thoroughly than many clergymen.

"We shall not take your case," Lincoln said to a man who had shown that by a legal technicality he could win property worth $600. "You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

When Lincoln left Springfield, Illinois, February 11, 1861, to assume the duties of President, March 4 following, he borrowed enough money to last for necessary expenses of his family, till he could get a month's salary. When elected President, he is said to have been worth not over $10,000.

Lincoln, meeting in the park a negro who told him a pitiful story, wrote out the check: "Pay to colored man with one leg, Five Dollars."

A little girl who had been told that the President was very homely, was taken by her father to see the President at the White House. Lincoln's great love for children easily won her confidence. He took her upon his knee and chatted with her for a moment in his merry way, when she turned to her father and exclaimed: "Oh, Pa! he isn't ugly at all; he's just beautiful!"

During the balloting of the 1860 Chicago Republican Convention Lincoln was at the telegraph office in his home city, Springfield, Illinois. When the telegraph operator handed him a paper bearing, "Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated on the third ballot," Lincoln looked at it in silence; then arose, and, putting the paper into his pocket, said quietly: "There's a little woman down at our house who would like to hear this. I'll go down and tell her."

Three small girls, poorly clad, followed some visitors into the White House. A reception was in full swing. As they were hastening through the reception-room with trepidation, Lincoln saw them and called to them: "Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?" They stopped, then with evident shyness came forward. Lincoln bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand and smiled at them. They went away very happy.

Mr. Huntington, cashier of a Washington bank, remarked to one of Lincoln's friends: "That President of yours is the oddest man alive. Why, he endorses notes for 'niggers'!" The facts were: A colored man, in danger of losing his house for want of $150, went to Lincoln and told his story. The result was that the colored man made a two months' note which Lincoln endorsed. The note was discounted, but the colored man failed to pay. Instead of serving the customary protest notice, the cashier took the note in person to Mr. Lincoln, who at once offered to pay it. Mr. Huntington said: "Mr. President, you have tried to help a fellow-mortal along. I am not willing that you should suffer this entire loss; we will divide it between us." And the affair was thus settled.

Some gentlemen from the West called at the White House, excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently and replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. Would you shake the cable or keep shouting at him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?' No; you would hold your breath as well as your tongue and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an enormous weight. Untold treasure is in their hands; they are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we will get you safely across."

While Lincoln was clerking in a grocery at New Salem, Illinois, he discovered he had taken six and one quarter cents too much from a customer, so he walked three miles that evening after store closed to return the money. This and other similar acts caused him to be called "Honest Abe."

To a politician who wished to be empowered to negotiate reward for promises of influence in Chicago Convention, in 1860, Lincoln replied: "No, gentlemen; I have not asked the nomination, and I will not now buy pledges. If I am nominated and elected, I shall not go into the Presidency as the tool of this man or that man, or as the property of any factor or clique."

Lincoln was constantly bothered by busybodies who knew all about running the war and were always offering advice. One day one of these bores asked Lincoln: "How many men have the Confederates in the field?" "About twelve hundred thousand," replied Lincoln. "Oh, my, not so many as that, surely." "They have fully twelve hundred thousand, no doubt of it," rejoined Lincoln. "You see, all of our Generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbers them at least three to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, and three times four make twelve—don't you see?"

Speaker Joseph G. Cannon relates: "I met Lincoln only once after his election to the Presidency. He was on his way to Charleston, Ill., to bid his stepmother good-by before going to Washington. He was traveling on a day train in an ordinary coach and was continuously surrounded by other passengers, some congratulating him, some advising him, but most of them simply crowding to shake his hand and bid him good-by and godspeed. They seemed to know him or felt that they knew him. There was no change in the man by reason of his elevation to the first place in the nation, and his neighbors and friends felt that he was one of them. He made his last visit to his stepmother, who indeed had been a mother to him in childhood and in manhood. She was, in the Western phrase, just a common, homespun woman, and to her he remained to the end 'my boy Abe'."

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